

# *The* Industrial Pioneer

*An Illustrated Labor Magazine*

July, 1926

25 Cents



SACCO and VANZETTI

LUDLOW

COAL AND THE GENERAL STRIKE

BUILDING THE NEW SOCIETY NOW

## Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.





# The Industrial Pioneer

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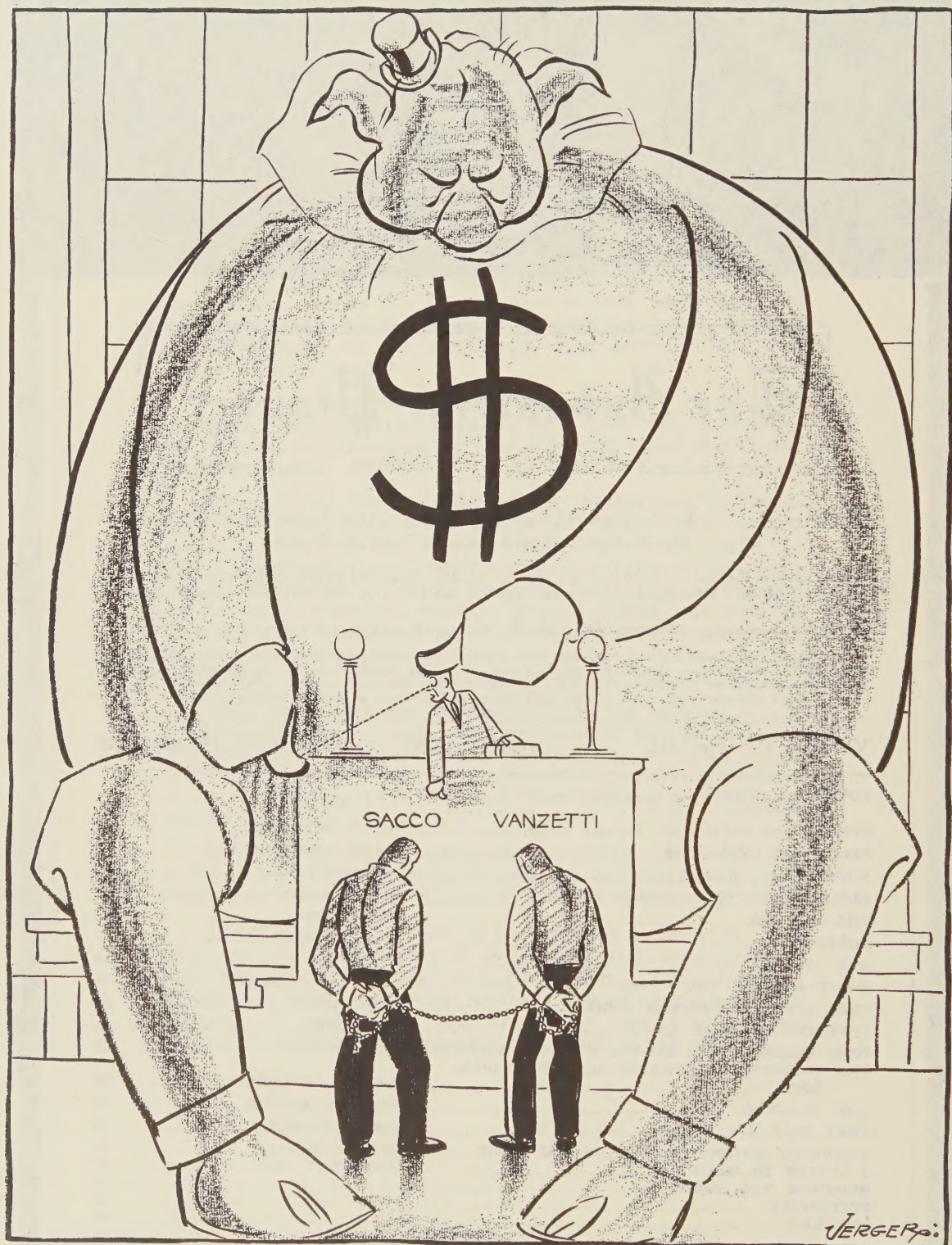
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THE PLUNDERBUND RULES "THUMBS DOWN."



# Sacco and Vanzetti

By RALPH CHAPLAIN

By Henry George Weiss.

**N**INE LONG years have passed, and Sacco and Vanzetti are still in prison! Not only are they in prison but they have reached the end of their rope, as far as the law is concerned, and are now awaiting the hideously long postponed hour of execution. To the raw injustice of their arrest was added the

farce of a trial, then, the mockery of an appeal. It is proposed to top off the whole proceedings with a formal little party in the white room where the big electric chair is located.

What is there to say about this case that intelligent people do not know? Very little! It is the Great American Frame-Up running true to form. It happened, when I first read of the Sacco, Vanzetti trouble, that I was one of those whom the Witch Burners had honored with a prison sentence. This was at the time when the back-wash of the war had submerged the country in a wave of red-raiding and red-deportation hysteria. The ugly and malignant anti-labor hatreds, engendered by the "war for Democracy" were dying down a little, but dying a horrible death. The first word that came from the lips of political prisoners, in reading of the case was "frame-up." Political prisoners knew something about these matters. They had learned from experience. The plight of the two Italians was also discussed by diverse pay-roll and bank robbers who happened to find themselves in the hoose-gow with us. We listened eagerly to all comment by such prisoners. These craftsmen, after discussing the case from every angle, scoffed at the idea of

*Brave Comrades, chained in agony,  
Who strove for heaven yet to be,  
Shall you come from Gethsemane  
To perish on the loathsome tree?  
Shall you climb up to Calvary  
To glut the hate of tyranny?*

*No, never! Hosts of Labor, rise  
And speak for them Greed crucifies,  
With voice of thunder smite the stone  
Of prison walls and claim your own,  
Your ultimatum score the high—  
SACCO, VANZETTI, SHALL NOT DIE!*

Sacco and Vanzetti being guilty of practicing the trade of pay-roll robbery without first having served (an apprenticeship. Some were highly amused at the ingenuousness of the police in pinching a couple of mild-mannered, bland-eyed "nuts" and permitting the real artists to make a get-away. Pay-

roll and bank robbers knew something about these matters; they also had learned from experience. And one of the first things these experts noted was the very obvious fact that men having the appearance and mental characteristics of Sacco and Vanzetti are usually hardly worth while when it comes to a bank or payroll job. After all a trade is a trade.

It was predicted by political prisoners whom I remember talking about the case, that the two Italian workers would have a hard time of it, not because they were guilty; but because they were workers—and Italians.

Looking back at the case now I realize how true these predictions were and how equally true the caustic comment of the professional robbers. The entire case is so thinly veiled—so transparently a matter of class persecution that wherever the facts have been followed, there is scarcely a person alive who wouldn't wager his right arm that the Italians are innocent. It is like the Mooney case: the whole world knows that Tom Mooney is innocent; and yet Mooney is in prison. Such is the octopus of the Law when workmen are entangled in its tentacles. The difference is that Tom Mooney is on the west coast and Sacco and





The defendants as they were escorted through the streets of Dedham four times a day.

Vanzetti on the east coast while Mooney's fate has been determined as one kind of death and the fate of the two Italians as another kind of death. But the destiny of each of the three has been ordained as death—death for the same cause, loyalty to Labor.

This morning's paper referred to Sacco and Vanzetti as, "the two Italian gun-men"—the regular form of propaganda in cases of this sort. Gunmen! Only a few weeks ago one of our most brilliant young State prosecutors was out joy riding with a group of gangsters. He was killed by a machine gun broadside when a rival gang fired into the car. How did he happen to be in the auto hob-nobbing with men he was being paid to prosecute? No one knows. All we know of such matters here in Chicago is that gun-men, Italian and otherwise—are seldom executed unless they execute one another. Men are afraid to serve on the jury when gun-men are being tried in Chicago. Maybe if Sacco and Vanzetti had

been gun-men and bad actors instead of workers and idealists they would not be in prison at present.

Sacco and Vanzetti are foreigners. This is a point that is held against them by many of the Witch Burners of Massachusetts and elsewhere. There must be something wrong with them or else they would have been born in the grand free U. S. A. They were good enough to slave in the shoe factories of the east, but not good enough to be permitted to have ideas of their own. It is an admitted fact that if there two men had not been radicals they would not have been arrested.

What is expected of the foreign-born worker in America any way? Of course the KKK is the final authority and really represents the peculiarly perverse psychological attitude of the slavish and arrogant scissorbill mind. It seems that the foreign born worker, above everything else is expected to work but not to think or join a



union or become active in the Labor movement or anything of that kind. We are, all or us, expected not to do the last mentioned things but the doing of them becomes more reprehensible in the eyes of the Powers that Be in case one happens to be of foreign extraction. This is what the capitalist papers and politicians call, "preserving our American institutions from contamination by European influences." It is from this source that the famous bromide originated, "If you don't like this country, go back where you came from." The American scissorbill worker is many times as harsh in judgment as the Rotarian. As Gurley Flynn has said many times, "It is a question of the man who came to America on Monday or Tuesday calling the man who arrived on Wednesday or Thursday a foreigner." Not only calling him a foreigner but seeking to build a wall of suspicion and distrust between him and the rest of the world. This is the type of mind the capitalist press seeks to develop among workers. If however, the foreigner happens to be a so called nobleman, the matter takes on a different aspect altogether. Then our richest and prettiest women fairly mawl one another in an effort to lay their beauty and riches at his feet. The best homes and clubs are opened to him, while the police stand back at a respectful distance. No doubt America, in a world dominated by despotism and dictatorship, holds up the standard of Democracy. This must be so or we wouldn't hear so much about it in the papers. But I am frank in admitting that Democracy is too deep a subject for me to understand.

Last winter Chicago society women arranged a big benefit ball for Russian White guard army officers who live in our midst (without working) until they can connect with the daughter or widow of some parasite and a few dimes for doughnuts. The papers were full of half-tone portraits of society buds and these gallant panhandlers. When the Prince of Wales visited the Field Museum in Chicago the lady KKK's turned out in such multitudes to get a glimpse of the royal nincompoop that curio cases were upset and women and children were tram-

pled under foot—a real bargain counter stampede. Democracy is a curious thing and one hard to understand!

In the case of Sacco and Vanzetti however things were different. Daugherty and Palmer were in good repute. The Department



Sacco's Family After Arrest

of Justice in those days seemed to be functioning for the KKK. The papers told us that the Red Menace was at our heels. The country could only be saved by drastic action. Raids, deportations and imprisonments were matters of daily occurrence. The hand and voice of every good patriot in America was raised against every foreign born worker who was either red or well read. The class line was drawn clearly. Sacco and Vanzetti were not only foreigners but they were workers—shoe workers—also they were "reds." They were caught red-handed distributing literature—defense literature in behalf of a friend and a fellow worker who had been spirited away by the authorities. This is the crime the two men were arrested for—nothing else. Nothing was known about the payroll robbery and murder at the time of the arrest. The police never found the perpetrators of the stick-up but they did hold tight to Sacco



and Vanzetti. These men were foreigners, workers—reds; they would serve as well as the robbers. It would make a good case and society would be protected. And thus it has been for over six years now.

Sacco carried a gun—a small revolver. It was a foolish thing for him to do but the raids, arrests, deportations and mobbing of radical foreign born workers had impressed his mind in this manner. Perhaps it was a warped instinct of self protection that caused him to procure a pistol and drop it in his pocket when he went out into a hostile world to do the daring deed of distributing literature for an unpopular cause. But he did it. Sacco carried a gun. Expert testimony and numerous photographs have proved beyond question of doubt that this gun did not fire the shot that killed the driver of the payroll car. But this didn't matter: Sacco carried a gun—he was a gun-man and a foreigner and a red and the jurymen were scissorbills and the newspapers were newspapers. No doubt the death of Salsedo\* to Sacco's mind, even now, induces him to think that he did the right thing. Sacco didn't know that he could not fight all the ignorance and prejudice and hysteria of America with one small pistol. But Salsedo was hounded and tormented to death. Even at present the truth of the tragedy is deeply hidden. And Salsedo was a friend of Sacco's. Sacco's gun was the ineffectual counterpoint to the Terror that ruled the country at that time.

Sacco and Vanzetti have been in prison now for six years. At present they are awaiting the announcement of the date to be set for their execution. Protest against this latest act of judicial barbarity in America has circled the globe. There is yet a great deal of work to be done if the two men are to be saved.

If organized Labor had industrial power enough and knew how to use it Sacco and Vanzetti and hundreds of other workers innocent of crime would not be in prison. Unfortunately organized Labor not only hasn't got the power but it doesn't know how

to use what power it has got. Sacco and Vanzetti can't wait until the workers organize and force their release by means of industrial pressure. Sacco and Vanzetti are sitting in their cells listening for the sound of a grating key in the lock and the sound of strange voices in the corridor. It is no longer a matter of months and years, it is a matter of days and hours.

A very considerable volume of protest has developed in favor of the RELEASE of these two innocent workingmen. This protest is growing daily. Readers of the Industrial Pioneer should put aside differences of opinion regarding defense tactics and theory for the time being. They should join their voices to the many that are being raised, not for commutation of sentence to life imprisonment, but for RELEASE. This is emergency. Meetings and all kinds of publicity will help. Letters and telegrams to the Governor of Massachusetts in a huge number will cause the executionists to realize that the eyes of the workers of America are focused on things being done there.

There is too much apathy in the world already. It is a poor rebel who will not do his bit under circumstances like these.

## March On!

By Covington Ami

For freedom of the Shop and Soil,  
United all, in union strong,  
United all, in union strong,  
March on! March on! and sing the song!

Break! break! the rusting chains  
That bind your hands, your hearts, your  
brains!

Throw off the superstitions old  
That keep you serving slaves of Gold!

United in one Union great,  
Your Class, your Race, emancipate!  
March on! March on! O Men of Toil!  
Strong Undermen of Shop and Soil!

\* Salsedo, in whose behalf Sacco was distributing literature, jumped from a 14th story window in New York, while he was a prisoner of the Department of Justice.



# Building the New Society Now

By J. A. MacDONALD

**IF WE WANT A NEW SOCIETY NOW IS THE TIME TO START BUILDING IT**

**T**HE ABOLITION of the wages system is not the goal of the I. W. W. The goal of the I. W. W. is not merely the abolition of anything, but the building of a new social order. And it is in this that the Industrial Workers of the World most differs from all other radical organizations. Ask any of the spokesmen for any of the other radical organizations what they mean by a new society, and they are as vague and nebulous as a Christian trying to describe Heaven. They have plans of various natures for the overthrow of capitalism, but when asked about the structure of a new society to replace it, one finds that they have not thought of that. In some indefinite way they seem to confuse the work of destroying capitalism with something entirely different, the building of the new society, although there are many possibilities besides the functioning of a new society at the death of capitalism.

We often hear that all radical organizations have the same goal, the overthrow of capitalism, and that they differ only in tactics and methods to achieve their goal. The I. W. W. stands alone among radical organizations in that it has a definite program for the building of the new society. That is its goal.

The preamble of the I. W. W. gives the "abolition of the wages system" as merely a watchword to be inscribed on our banner. A study of that tense, militant document shows it growing in emphasis and power in sentence after sentence that is battle and hurled defiance, with the meaning and highest significance of the preamble contained in the last paragraph in which the goal of the I. W. W. is laid forth in all its vast significance, and condensed in the last sentence, "by organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old."

The natural questions of the workers the

morning after the overthrow of capitalism would be: "How do we eat, and when? How are we to handle the industries, the world we have conquered?" These questions which other radicals disregard now, cannot then be disregarded, because on them will hinge the whole future of humanity. Yet we find parliamentary radicals in such a mental state when faced by this question, that we are sure their only answer would be to quote Taft, "God knows."

Industrial revolution means merely the destruction of capitalism. It is merely the overthrow of an old system—a necessary thing it is true, but it is no more building a new system than tearing down an old building is constructing a new one.

## *New Societies Overthrow Old Ones*

The stand of the other organizations is that after capitalism is overthrown will be early enough to build or think of building a new industrial society. But the verdict of history is that new systems do not have their birth when the old are destroyed. Capitalism existed for centuries building the structure of its new society within the shell of feudalism. Feudalism ceased to be the dominant system because Capitalism, the structure of the new society of that day overthrew it.

Industrial revolution means a period of struggle between a new society and an old *in which the new wins*. This struggle in itself is not industrial revolution, as it is the change in the ownership and management of industry itself which is the revolution. We thus see from a study of history that the building of the structure of a new society is not a thing for after a revolution, but that revolution is itself merely a phase in the development of the new in which it rises to power over the old. Revolution is itself a product of the evolution of a new society.



The building of a political organization cannot be the building of a new society, because while parliamentary radicals may be far from scientific, yet they admit with Marx and Engel that the function of the proletariat is to destroy the political state with the overthrow of capitalism.

What is this which must be destroyed? What is capitalism? It is basically an industrial system, based on the looting of the workers on the job. When in *Capital* Marx studied the capitalist system, he did not deal with legislatures, congresses, parliaments. He knew that these were merely things on which the capitalists spend part of the surplus value they had stolen from the workers. These he recognized to be a part of capitalism, because the institutions, ideas, ideals and beliefs of any social system are ruled by its dominant class, and the class who control the earth and the machinery of production are always the dominant class. In studying capitalism he did not study the institutions on which capitalism spent some of its money, but the institutions where it made its wealth. He studied the relationships of the capitalist to the commodity and of the workers to commodities. He studied the working places of the world, and that exploitation of the workers which is the life's blood of the capitalist system. Capitalism owns and controls other institutions because it controls industry, and the reverse is not true.

The tree of capitalism is rooted in the industries and fertilized with the blood of the industrial workers. One may pass his time, and be a respectable reformer, or even cheat himself that he is a revolutionist, by picking some of the leaves off the tree of capitalism, or even taking off some of the limbs. But this is not radicalism, because radicalism means going to the root of things. The industrial revolution means taking capitalism by the roots out of industry, and when this is done the limbs will die automatically.

Capitalism is a system based on the acquiescence of the workers in their own robbery. When the workers as a class refuse to produce for the profits of capitalism, capitalism as an industries system is doom-

ed, because this is the source of its wealth. But before the workers will do this there must be gigantic organization. This refusal, this general strike of the workers would be the very essence of revolution, but it would not be the building of a new society. The power of capitalism where it gets that power would be destroyed.

But one imagines the workers leaving all the working places of the world, refusing to produce wealth. Then the workers would also starve to death, because those things on which the continuation of human life depended would no longer be produced. It is the idea of workers going on strike en masse by leaving the job which has been in the mind of workers who say that the general strike is general nonsense, and so far as the building of a new social order is concerned it undoubtedly would be. A General Strike, that would really be general is unthinkable unless the worker were organized by industry, and then organized together on the basis of the class struggle, in an industrial unionism wide as the working class of the world. A General Strike in which the workers quit the industries to overthrow capitalism would be foolish, imbecile.

#### *A General Strike on the Job.*

I have in front of me an article written by a member of the I. W. W. in a discussion with the editor of the "Industrial Solidarity," which says:

"Does he (the editor) mean the workers can overthrow capitalism and take possession of the earth and the machinery of production by the simple means of a General Strike, and leave the factories," etc.

Capitalism can be overthrown through a general strike. But by leaving the factories they could not take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, because the ownership of the earth is dependent on the ownership of industry, and to take possession of the machinery of production means staying on the job.

Then he says: A strike means leaving the job or factories." But a strike either big or small, local or even general does not necessarily mean leaving the job or fac-



tories—certainly not in the I. W. W. A general strike on the job with the workers taking over the industries, and operating them for themselves would not only be revolution but it would also be the functioning of a new society. Until the workers cease producing for profit, it does not matter what is occurring on the barricades, or on the streets, or outside of industry, capitalism still exists. *The essence of revolution is ceasing to produce for the profit of a parasitic class.* And the essence of a new society is the workers, industrially organized, operating the industries for the benefit of all instead of for a few.

It has been objected that this requires too great an organization of the workers. There is a common picture of the destruction of capitalism by the mob. But a mob cannot run industry, and if there is no organization industrially for revolution; *if that cannot be built as the result of years of propaganda and effort, how is it to be built in a few days because there has been a mob revolution?* The picture of the workers refusing to pack an I. W. W. card and to organize industrially, but packing instead twenty-two centimeters in their bedding, and poison gas factories in their suit cases is laughable. The strongest power the worker has is his power to withdraw that labor power on which capitalism rests. Until the workers are willing to organize for the overthrow of capitalism, it is logical to suppose they will not overthrow capitalism, and until they organize to carry on a new society there can certainly be no new society.

The new society is not something to be built after the overthrow of capitalism. It is something that must be built now, as the force to challenge capitalism for power, and the force to dominate industry with the overthrow of the present society.

The I. W. W. is not only building up a unionism to fight for higher wages and conditions under capitalism. It is marshalling the organization to overthrow capitalism as an industrial system, and the same form with which it does this, the industrial organization of the workers, is the new society,

with each industrial union producing its products for exchange for the products of other industrial unions, and other industrial unions functioning in the distribution of these necessities of life to where they are needed, and all these industrial unions co-operating as parts of that organization representing all workers, the Industrial Workers of the World.

The I. W. W. does not ask the workers to take a step in the dark, saying "we will have a revolution, and then everything will be lovely." "We don't know what the new society is going to be like, but it will be heavenly." My definition of the new utopian Socialism is one that believes in a new society, without any method of getting more than revolution, which is an entirely different thing. If we want a new society now is the time to start building it. And here is where the I. W. W. alone has a plan, a method for the new industrial society, where it alone is scientific. It seems to me that the man who has the belief that a resolution will make an industrial commonwealth automatically, that it will just happen in some magical way, has such an abounding faith that I am surprised he disbelieves things that require far less faith such as that Jonah swallowed the whale. Others believe in a new society. The I. W. W. knows what it wants and how to get it.





# The Old 400

By FRED MANN

## A BRIEF REVIEW OF THE SUCCESSFUL STRUGGLE TO ORGANIZE THE HARVEST WORKERS.

**S**PRING IS gone, summer is here. The barley, wheat and rye stand much higher; the greenish color changes with each puff of hot wind to a yellowness that is nearly white. As far as one can see are fields of grain. The heads are filling out and as they dance to the rhythm of the breeze, one is reminded of the ocean and its mighty waves, rocking hither and thither in serene peacefulness, only interrupted by some discordant wave that refuses to be good.

The roads are dry and smooth. All the way from the Texas Panhandle to the Nebraska state line the weather has been ideal; only unforeseen forces, such as hail or a tornado, can now offset the fact that this year's yield will be the greatest of the last decade.

In some respects urban life in the southwest is akin to that of the small European community. After eight months of quiet and seclusion the village, town, city and even the isolated farmhouse, all begin to show signs of renewed life and activity. In the late autumn, winter and early spring months everything seems dull on the farm. The farmer tends his cattle, repairs the fences, eats and sleeps. He goes to town when the weather permits. The town is dull. Its streets are deserted. Some of the stores shut down for the winter and the only life evident is in the waiting room of the railway station, at the post office, or in the loungingroom of the hotel and in the poolhalls. But soon the small town will teem with the activity of a city.

Already strangers are seen on the streets in clothes typical of workers: faces tanned by the sun and wind, wear lines that spell many experiences and privations; hands calloused, having the color of the soil. Each day more and more of them appear. Where do they come from, and why do they come?

### They are America's most important army.

Each year they come, not all of them willingly, to garner the crops that will help to feed 120,000,000 people besides a surplus of millions of bushels for export.

These migratory workers help to provide the upkeep of luxurious apartments, private chauffeurs, lap dogs, and all that makes up the so-called life of the 400. The gamblers in the Chicago Pit and the stock exchanges of Minneapolis, Winnipeg, New York and Liverpool, take enormous profits as the result of the labor of these unknown workers. The small town banker

and merchant in the grain districts also depend on these workers for their existence in the business world.

Most of these men have no permanent homes. They are the vast army that our modern society keeps always on the move. To them falls the task of doing seasonal work in agriculture and miscellaneous construction.

In the last two years the tin lizzie has been fast displacing the side-door pullman as a means of travel. Two, three or four of these workers pool their meager resources and purchase a second-hand Ford. This affords them a little more independence; in beating their way on the trains they are always running the chance of arrest for the "sharp eyes" of the law always sees some minor infraction of the law when it is committed by a worker.

In reality the "auto tramp" (as he is generally referred to) suffers more economically than his fellow "box car" traveller. Wages received by these workers are not sufficient to enable them to pay fare from place to place. The owners of lizzies are faced by a situation in which they are almost helpless; "heads I win, tails you lose," is their plight. Having invested their last dollar in a car they either have to work for any wages that are offered or sell the car for what they can get. They must have gas and oil for they must move almost continually to keep up with the harvest.

The harvest does not start all over the country at a certain time. It begins in the south and spreads to the north. From the middle of June to the last of November it is in progress. All the way to the northern sections of Saskatchewan, Alberta and Manitoba these workers plod their way. It is estimated that from 50,000 to 60,000 men are employed in the harvest in Oklahoma and Kansas during the normal season.

Each year the number employed decreases. The organization of production by the farmers and the increased use of improved machinery are the responsible factors. With a show of sincerity the federal farm bureau and the U. S. chamber of commerce have advised the farmer to study production as a cure for his financial ills. Agricultural colleges in almost every farming community have taught the farmer how to use machinery to the best advantage. Accordingly the farmers have found it profitable to organize themselves. Three or four of them purchase a tractor and a separator and with exchange of



labor they only employ half the crew they did in former years. One nine-foot binder pulled by a Fordson will do three times the work formerly done by eight horses and two men. The automatic stacker, shocker and loader take their places in this re-organization. The small separator manned by a crew of five or six is now as efficient as the big outfit with a crew of twenty-four. True, there are more of these small machines but the total number necessary to operate them is smaller. The workers, however, flock to the harvest in greater numbers than ever.

The average earnings of the harvest hands for a period of five months is not much over \$200. The wages vary from \$4 to \$8 for a ten hour working day. Nearly all of the \$200 is usually spent for clothing, for food and for expenses on the road. Prices are exorbitant. The merchant harvests the harvester and is never in fear of a crop failure.

Conditions on the job are what the workers make them. The working day has generally been from ten to twelve hours. There was a time when the sunrise was the beginning and sunset

the end of a day's work; sometimes when the moon was full and bright a few extra hours were thrown in for good measure. One old-timer remarked that it was once common for the farmer to pay off his hired men with a shotgun; in more recent years some farmers paid with checks that were not honored when presented at the bank, and the cheated worker found he had no recourse by going to the law. Why should the law worry about tramps? If the worker was insistent he was often pickhandled and driven from town. Social outcasts, these workers merely existed, enduring privations and insults such as no other class of workers have experienced. Agricultural slaves in a "free" capitalist society.

This unbearable oppression and exploitation reached its apex in the few years prior to the world war. The Industrial Workers of the World was the first and is today the only organization, that has ever seriously undertaken to deal with this problem. The history of the first few years of the I. W. W. in the agricultural industry can be written "with drops of blood." The workers recognized the benefits of organization, while





the bankers and merchants organized together with the big farmers, began to wage a fight on this youthful but virile workers' organization that will go down in the annals of labor history among the greatest of the events recorded.

In Minot, N. D., in 1914 and in Kansas in 1915 and 1916, this new organization fought with a stubborn determination to raise the standards of living for the worker. Hundreds were jailed, thousands beaten, many were tarred and feathered and driven on the run across the Kansas prairies. The press used every known means to discredit A. W. O. No. 400, as the organization was then known.

But it was all of no avail. The number of organized workers was fast increasing. In 1916 the red card served as a credential for the bearer that he was resolved to break the chains that held him fast in slavery. A half-crazed master class became frantic; but the greater was their determination to crush the I. W. W., greater still rose the enthusiasm among the workers. Wages and job conditions began to improve. The despised homeless hobo became overnight a man of courage and character, worthy of respect because he was able to command that respect.

Scattering the gloomy clouds of fear the sunshine of courage renewed the spirit of the agricultural worker. He began to experience the things he had dreamed of for so many years but lacked the means of putting into execution. New and higher ideals replaced the old. A society without master or slave began to formulate in this young giant's brain.

Activity replaced the laziness and mental sluggishness so often found among the unorganized. Fired by the struggle the worker went on his way with songs, born in the fight, on his lips—songs that truly represent the revolutionary sentiment of America's working class:

We are coming home, John Farmer;  
we are coming back to stay.  
For nigh on fifty years or more,  
we've gathered up your hay.  
We have slept out in your hayfields,  
we have heard your morning shouts;  
We've heard you wondering where in hell's  
them pesky go-about's?  
It's a long way, now understand me;  
it's a long way to town;  
It's a long way across the prairie,  
and to hell with Farmer John.  
Here goes for better wages,  
and the hours must come down;  
For we're out for a winter's stake this summer,  
and we want no scabs around.

Wm. D. Haywood when addressing a large audience, was asked why the Agricultural Workers organization was designated 400. He replied, "Because they are the cream, the four hundreds, of America's fighting proletariat."

"Solidarity" became the slogan, higher wages and better conditions the immediate demands, and the abolition of the wage system a watchword never to be forgotten in their fight.

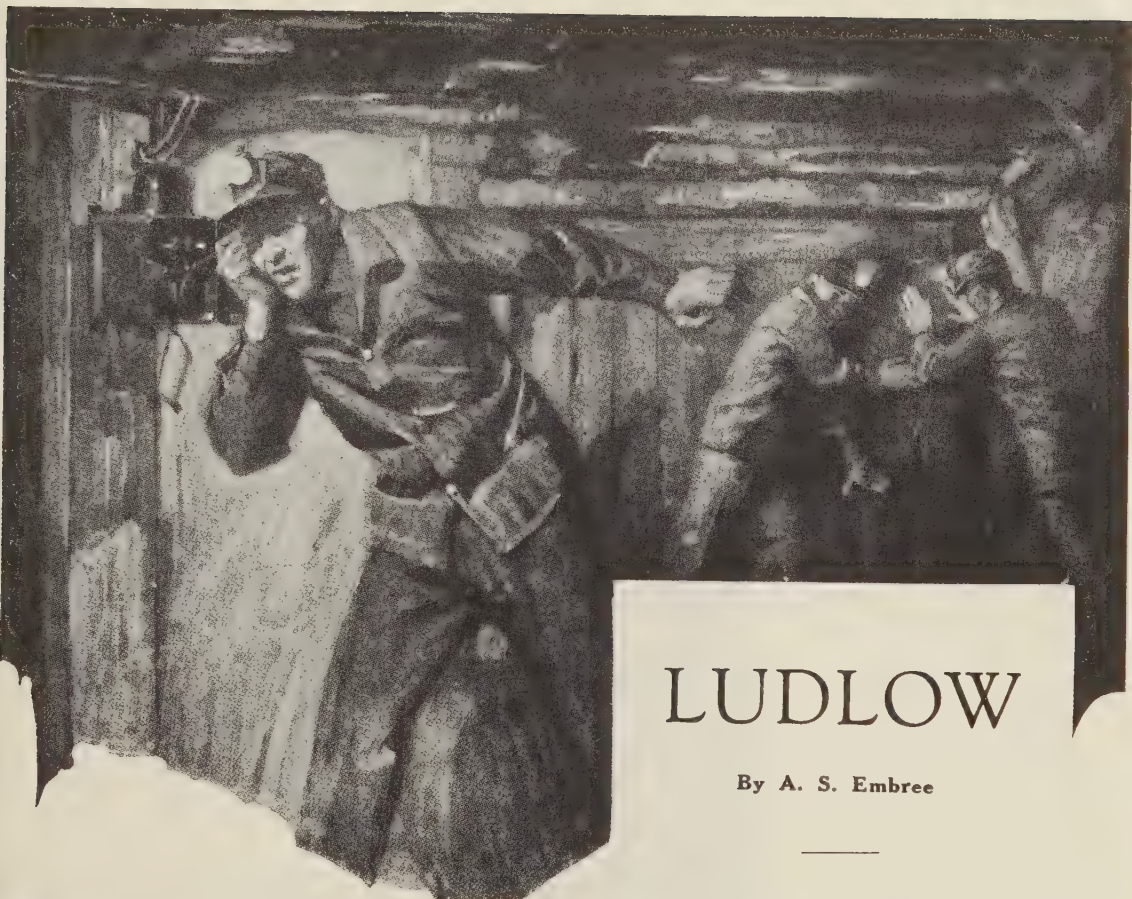
And through the years since 1915 the fight has gone on without cessation. Higher wages, shorter hours and better conditions have been obtained as a result of the determined fight.

This year the prospects for organizational activity are of the brightest. Active members and hundreds of delegates are already in the field. The crop this year in Oklahoma and Kansas promises to be the biggest in a decade and wet weather during the last few weeks will make it necessary for the farmers to employ many in addition to the number usually required.

Thousands of new members will be enrolled and will add by their numbers and activity to the power of the organization, getting more and more of the better things of life for the once despised migratory worker.







# LUDLOW

By A. S. Embree

**A**LTHOUGH I have read several stories of the Ludlow massacre and the events leading up to it, I have always been desirous of hearing the story at first hand from someone who had been in the struggle. So when I heard that X..... had taken an active part in the strike and battles, indeed, that he had been in command of the strikers in the tent colony at Aguilar, I went after him and gave him no rest until he consented to tell me the story:

Soon after the strike started in 1913 I was put in charge of the strikers who were concentrated in our tent colony at Aguilar. Our colony was located on a flat which was then just outside the city limits of Aguilar.

The first incident I remember after we got located, was that the Empire Co. imported gunmen and they established themselves on a hill about 300 feet away and started shooting towards the town. The citizens objected to this shooting and the marshall and about 50 of the citizens went up the hill and protested. They arrested one of the gunmen and brought him in and they reported that these gunmen were trying to start trouble. Soon after that we had a payday—that is, money had been sent in from the international office for strikers' relief and was being distributed.

Naturally, the strikers flocked into town to get their money. On the street I met a man who had come in from Black Diamond, about seven miles out, and I knew when I saw him that he was a gunman. I spoke to him and he asked me why there were so many people on the street. I told him he knew there was a strike on and added, "I know you are a gunman and if you want to avoid trouble you had better leave town." He replied that he would leave town if he could get a horse and buggy. I walked toward the livery barn with him but on the way he stepped into the bank and asked to use the phone. Another striker and myself stepped behind the door where we could hear what he said. He called up the Empire Co. and said, "Tell the boys to come in and to bring Winchesters and six-shooters; I have plenty of ammunition but need a rifle." When he finished phoning we grabbed him, took him to the livery barn, made him hire a horse and buggy and started him for Black Diamond.

Someone phoned to the Rugby tent colony about 4 miles north of Aguilar and told the strikers there he was coming. Before he got to Rugby he was beaten badly and died while being taken to Pueblo.

A week later a detachment of state troops came to our tent colony about 8:30 in the evening; Major Hamrock and Captain Garwood were in





**LUDLOW MONUMENT, ERECTED ABOVE CELLAR WHERE WOMEN AND CHILDREN WERE CREMATED**





Mountain Peaks near Aguilar.

command. They came to the gate and demanded admission. The pickets reported that the major wanted to speak with me, so we admitted the officers only.

Major Hamrock told me the soldiers had disarmed all the gunmen along the line, and if there were any gunmen in or around Aguilar they would disarm them too. Then he said he would give us a square deal and asked that the strikers give up their arms. I told the Major we had only 14 guns for guard duty. The officers then withdrew and the troops were placed in permanent quarters.

#### Soldiers Make Trouble

Everything went along quietly then for two weeks. The saloons were open and the first sign of disturbance came when the soldiers started drinking. Then the troops began to beat up citizens and strikers and the officers sent out details to arrest strikers. I was arrested and held in the guardhouse for two hours and released after an ordeal of questioning.

Then a company of cavalry was sent in. The mounted soldiers paraded the streets daily running citizens and strikers off the sidewalks. They also started drinking and there were wild orgies every night. They shot up the Princess Theatre—a man on the street was shot in the neck and badly injured. The soldiers went into the saloons demanding drink and if the bartender refused they shot up the place. In one saloon four men were sitting at a table playing cards; one of them, Pete Garlevo, was shot through the arm by a soldier. Years later the state paid him \$10,000 damages. When the soldiers got drinks they had the bartender charge it to the state. One saloonkeeper had \$7,000 on his books which he was never able to collect.

#### Girl Kidnapped and Assaulted

About a week after the cavalry company came in one of Aguilar's best citizens was walking up the street about seven in the evening with his daughter who was about fifteen years of age. Two militiamen coming towards them separated to let this man and his daughter pass between them. As

they passed one of the soldiers hit the father on the head with a gun stunning him. The girl was kidnapped and assaulted, but was returned to her parents about ten days later. She lived and gave birth to a child.

As an instance of what was happening at all hours of the day a striker named..... and myself were passing the theatre on our way from a strikers' meeting. We stopped to look at the bills advertising the show when two of the militia came up and prodded us with their bayonets, cursed us and ordered us to get back to the tent colony.

One afternoon Major Hamrock with a captain and a lieutenant came to the colony and asked us why we had pits dug all around the enclosure. We told him they were for refuse—empty cans, ashes, etc. He ordered us to fill them up. Three days after this three companies of infantry and one of cavalry searched our tents for arms but found none. Shortly after these troops left Aguilar and went to Ludlow and a week later Adjutant-General Chase came to Aguilar with troops and three pieces of artillery which he paraded through the streets and then left for Ludlow.

#### Cement Bridge Battle

A few days later at 7:30 in the evening, I received a phone message from the Ludlow tent colony to get 60 men with full equipment and proceed at once to Ludlow. Some of our men were in the tents and some of them were around town. To gather them together I went to the fire station and rang the fire bell. A business man came along and protested telling me I could be fined for ringing the bell when there was no fire but I had no time to argue with him so simply pushed him out of the way.

We got our 60 men (could have had 500, but without equipment) and went to Ludlow and made camp. I reported to the officer in charge and asked for instruction and was told to have the men ready for action. All that night a huge searchlight stationed on the hill at the Hastings Co. mine played over the tent colony, and our outposts reported that about 250 men were advancing toward the colony. At daybreak these gunmen were reported to be close in but no attack was made. Noon came and still no attack. The Aguilar contingent was to eat first and while we were eating shooting started from the Cement Bridge and Water Tank Hill. Then I got orders for the Aguilar men to move from the tent colony across Green's pasture making a flank movement toward the rear of the attacking body. The pasture was a mile wide and three-quarter mile long with pinion trees growing along one edge. A railroad track ran along the side of the pasture nearest the tent colony. I asked if they were sure that none of the gunmen were ambushed in the pinions and was told that the pinions were kept under observation and that they believed they were clear.



We advanced in skirmish formation and had almost succeeded in crossing the pasture, coming within 400 feet of the pinions, when gunmen ambushed there opened fire on us. We were compelled to retreat and went back to the railroad track followed by the gunmen. At the track we made a stand behind the embankment, using the rail for gunrests, the men stationed 15 feet apart. One Italian boy persisted in sticking close by me. During this engagement a shot hit the rail between us—an explosive bullet, wounding the Italian boy seriously and myself slightly. The main body of the strikers drove back the attacking force at Cement Bridge and we compelled the gunmen facing us to retreat. Among the strikers there were five wounded while the gunmen lost seven killed and 20 wounded.

The next day we returned to Aguilar as we got a report that 50 mounted guards were advancing from the Lester mine to make an attack on the Aguilar colony. At six in the evening I got a phone message that these guards had passed Rugby on the way to Aguilar. This was early in the month of April and a snowstorm with wind amounting to a blizzard made it impossible for us to see clearly. We stationed our men in two groups of 50 each, east and west of the north road along which the guards were advancing, the groups being about 300 feet apart to avoid the danger of shooting one another. The group on the east side of the road allowed a team and wagon to pass, but confused by the blizzard, a few of the men started firing after it got past; so when the team and wagon came towards the group on the west side we also started shooting and killed both the horses. Soon after a car came along and stopped to pull the wagon to town; still confused we fired again breaking the windshield on the car and almost hitting a woman. Then we discovered our mistake, explained matters and made arrangements to take them to town and pay the damages.

In the meantime the guards had advanced to within a quarter of a mile of our position, heard the shooting and retreated.

#### Deep Cut Battle

A few days later we were informed that the companies were recruiting an army of Baldwin-Felts detectives, thugs and gunmen from other parts of Colorado and from Texas and Arizona, and a few deputies as well. This force was being gathered at Trinidad, and our men at that point kept us informed on what was going on. It was not long until we got word to prepare for an attack on the Ludlow tent colony.

This attacking party was furnished by the mining companies and the Colorado & Southern Railway with four steel gondolas to be used as armored cars, and a locomotive. Not one of the union engineers or firemen would consent to run the train. So an ex-engineer who had scabbed dur-

ing the last railroad strike volunteered to pull the train and one of the Baldwin-Felts detectives served as fireman.

When we got word that this train had left Trinidad (the Aguilar contingent having again gone to Ludlow) a strong force of armed miners was sent to intercept the train. At a point about a quarter mile south of the tent colony where a steel bridge crosses an arroyo and a deep cut lies west of the bridge on a curve in the track, we placed our men on each side of the cut after blocking the track with old railway ties.

The engineer did not see the obstruction until he got well into the cut but as he was running slowly he brought the train to a standstill before hitting the ties. We could see straight down into the steel cars, and the attack began soon as the train stopped. The engineer was killed immediately; it was some time before the Baldwin-Felts detective got the train started back and in the meantime the shooting was fast and furious and lasted until the train was out of range.

We had no casualties. Our friends in Trinidad sent us word that they had seen 35 bodies taken to the morgue and that as many more wounded were taken to the hospitals.

#### The Ball Game.

These events bring us up to the 18th day of April, 1914. It was Sunday afternoon and a ball game had been arranged between the miners and a team from the militia.

There was a big crowd of spectators, most of them strikers and their sympathizers. There was a great deal of rooting and cheering as the miners had the best of the game all the way through. When the game ended with a victory for the miners the crowd went wild and the cheering was tremendous.

Col. Linderfelt seemed peeved that the miners had won the game and resented the cheering of the crowd. He was heard to remark: "That's all right; you people have your holler today but we'll have the roast tomorrow."

The following (Monday) morning the militia



Development work; Drilling Machine on Tripod.



came to the tent colony with a large force and searched the tents for arms and ammunition. They tore up the floors and destroyed beds and other furniture.

In the afternoon two militiamen came up to our pickett lines with a white flag. They reported that Col. Linderfelt and Capt. Hamrock wanted an interview with Jim Filer and Louis Tikas, who were then officers in charge at the tent colony. These two men went with the militiamen to Linderfelt's headquarters.

The miners' outposts could see all that occurred although they could not hear the conversation. They could see that there was a heated debate and accordingly they watched proceedings closely. When the debate lasted about fifteen minutes they saw Linderfelt suddenly seize a rifle and shoot Tikas down. After he fell Linderfelt struck him over the head with the riflebutt. Someone else, the outposts could not see who, shot Filer. Both men were killed while under the protection of the flag of truce. We knew then that there must be a battle.

No other events of importance occurred on Monday, but both sides prepared for a fight.

That day our contingent was in Aguilar and that night we received word of the killing of Tikas and Filer; also that a fight was inevitable. We had few guns and very little ammunition but the miners insisted on going to Ludlow. Early Tuesday morning we started, 200 men with only 12 rifles and very little ammunition. Long before we reached Ludlow we heard the shooting. Our direct advance from the west was blocked by the militia; we were driven back but making a half circle we came into the tent colony from the east. When we arrived we found the attack was on in full force.

#### The Massacre.

That morning about seven o'clock the signal was given for the militia to attack. About 7:30 they advanced on the tent colony in full force, 300 strong, well armed, with machine guns and three pieces of field artillery as well. They quickly drove in our outposts. There were 500



Waiting for Daddy.

miners in the tent colony but after the seizure of arms the day before we had only 65 guns including the 12 in the Aguilar contingent, and a limited supply of ammunition. Yet with that small force we held the militia back all day covering the retreat of women, children and unarmed men to the Black Hills about three miles east of the tents. Some of the women and children would not leave their men who were fighting, others did not get started in time and these sought refuge in cellars under some of the tents; a number of them gathered in the basement under the floor of the mess tent. After we were finally driven back from the tents the soldiers rushed in and immediately began to saturate the tents with coal oil and set fire to them. Then as some of the women and children tried to run from the tents they were fired upon and struck down by the soldiers. One woman and her son of 14 leaped from a burning tent; soldiers standing near allowed the mother to come out but pushed the boy back into the tent where he was burned to death.

Charles Castro had been killed in the fight; his wife was cook at the mess tent; she and her three children would not leave without the father. With a number of others they went into the basement under the cook tent. When the big tent was fired by the soldiers they were all suffocated and burned to death in the Hell Hole.

#### The Retreat.

Those of us who were still fighting found that our ammunition was almost gone but we continued to cover the retreat of the unarmed until they reached the Black Hills. We were under fire from the four machine guns and the field guns, besides the rifle fire. But the retreat was made in good order.

On reaching the Black Hills we found that our water supply was half a mile out on the prairie. Whenever a man or a woman went after water



C. F. & I. Mine near Walsenburg





Placing a "prop."

they were subjected to fire from the field guns. And then before dark we observed that we were almost surrounded by the militia.

We knew that our position was untenable and after a conference those in charge ordered camp fires to be made and kept burning and also that lights be kept burning in the tents to a late hour. Only one way was found to be open for retreat. Leaving the tents lighted and the campfires burning, we made our getaway successfully and reached Aguilar about daybreak.

In the morning the militia advanced in force on the Black Hills and captured the few vacant tents.

#### Soldiers Driven Out.

At Aguilar we commandeered schools and other public buildings to shelter the women and children. The story of the Ludlow massacre had reached the people of the entire country and aroused great indignation. Public opinion veered strongly to the side of the striking miners. Sympathizers by the hundreds volunteered their services and many companies of volunteers started on the march for Aguilar, quite a number of them from other states; 250 miners completely armed came in afoot from Fremont Co. The strikers obtained quantities of arms and ammunition. They made a general advance against the state troops and drove them out of Las Animas and Huerfano counties.

Gov. Ammons, seeing that his forces were beaten, asked for a three day truce. There was a considerable difference of opinion among the leaders of the strikers but the truce was finally agreed upon. Then the federal soldiers came in and that ended the war.

(That is the story. We continued to talk for an hour or two and he gave us many other items

of events connected with the struggle. One or two of them may interest the reader.)

The mine owners at Hastings had succeeded in getting a few scabs. They had advertised in papers in the east promising they would give to each strikebreaker 160 acres of land adjacent to the mines, steady work and \$5 a day. When they arrived they were taken under guard direct to the mines and lodged in shacks and herded by gunmen when not in the mine. If they refused to work they were driven to it by the gunmen. At night their shoes and clothing were taken away. But two of these men escaped.

They came to Aguilar at ten o'clock one night clad only in their underwear and shirts. They made affidavits to the statement made above and also that four of the men who had refused to work had been killed by the gunmen and their bodies had been burned in the coke ovens.

At one time one of the Aguilar businessmen volunteered to drive his car to Pueblo and get a load of guns and ammunition. He had a Ford and had no trouble getting there. He made the purchase and started back. At that time the



The Miner's Home



county road ran through Lester and one of the guards at the Lester mine stopped him at Bunker Hill. It was quite dark. The guard asked, "What have you got in the car?" Our friend replied, "Guns." The guard stuck his head inside the car to have a look. The driver hit him over the head with a six-shooter knocking him cold, and drove through without any further trouble.

\* \* \*

(In my excursions to the mining camps I have met many who have been through that terrible ordeal. A middle-aged woman, mother of a thirteen year-old girl told me the following:)

My husband and I were living in the Ludlow tent colony with our baby; she was four months old. About seven in the morning of April 20th we heard the first explosion (signal for attack by the militia.) Two other explosions followed, about five minutes apart. Then we could hear the machine guns and the bullets came whistling by our ears and through the tents. When some of these bullets struck anything—poof—they would explode and scatter pieces of lead all over. I went with my baby to a cellar under one of the tents and my man went to the railroad track to help fight the soldiers. They held the soldiers back all day and all the time I was in that cellar hearing the shooting and all the other noises of the battle. It was almost evening when my husband came back and we came out of the cellar and went to an arroyo on the other side of the Black Hills where we hid ourselves until morning.

While we were running away from the tents we looked back and could see the soldiers setting fire to the tents and could hear them shouting and shooting. They found one Italian woman afterwards in a cellar under one of the tents. She was going to have a baby and she suffered so much before she died that she had pulled all the hair out of her head.

When they drove us out of the company house we had taken all our belongings to the tent colony. We had no chance to take any of them with us and they were all burned by the soldiers. All we had then was the old clothes we were wearing.

My father had been living with us in the tent colony but we persuaded him to go to Trinidad early that morning before the attack began. When he heard of the fight and massacre he came to Ludlow the following day and searched the ruins of the tent colony trying to find out if we had been killed. The soldiers found him raking through the ashes and took him to the guard house where they kept him locked up for four days. His anxiety brought on a severe sickness so they brought him down to Trinidad. He was partially paralyzed. In the meantime we had managed to get to Trinidad and I was sick and dreadfully worried when I heard my father had gone to Ludlow looking for me.

He told us afterwards that the strikers who

had been taken prisoners by the militia were compelled to work hard every day and if they refused to work they were whipped.

I have never been well since that day.

\* \* \*

These are the stories of only two of those who survived that historic struggle. There is wealth of material among the miners who have been through the 1913-14 strike and battles in Colorado for anyone who has the gift of putting it in writing.

And among these tried and true fighters for the cause of Labor there is again stirring the spirit and determination to organize and demand and obtain more of the good things of life for themselves and their families.

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"Fired by the struggle the worker went on his way with songs, born in the fight, on his lips—songs that truly represent the revolutionary sentiment of America's working class."—The Old 400, in this issue.

The general administration of the I. W. W. has published a new edition of the I. W. W. Song Book. Songs of the workers written by the workers. These songs encourage the worker already organized to greater efforts, fire the spirit of the new members, and make a stirring appeal to the workers who are still outside the organization.

Send in your order now for the latest edition



# SONGS

*To Fan the Flames of Discontent*

PRICE TEN CENTS



# OUR PRESS

By C. E. Payne.

**P**ERHAPS the most vital part of the Industrial Workers of the World is its press. This was well understood by federal authorities in 1917 when the postmaster general revoked the second class mailing privilege of an average of four "unpatriotic" publications a day for several weeks, according to his own announcement.

Among those barred from the mails were Industrial Worker and Solidarity and most, if not all, the foreign language papers of the I. W. W. During the next three years an enormous amount of work and expense were required to circulate any publicity of the organization, the expense for mailing alone being over ten times what it is at present.

Besides the extra work and expense, there were thousands of copies, at times amounting to almost the entire issues, destroyed and never delivered. This was done after accepting our money for postage, causing us the loss of the papers and of the money for postage besides. So common did this become that the Chicago post office had a large rubber stamp made with the words "Nixies—I. W. W. Papers." In the post office language a nixie is a piece of mail that from any cause cannot be delivered.

At present there is a comparative lull in the persecution of the I. W. W. and our press on the part of the powers that be. Our papers go through the mails, with very few exceptions, on the same basis as do the papers of other concerns. It is not because of any kindly considerations on the part of the postoffice authorities that the circulation is allowed, but simply because they consider the damage we do the capitalist system to be less than the howl that would be raised by suppression.

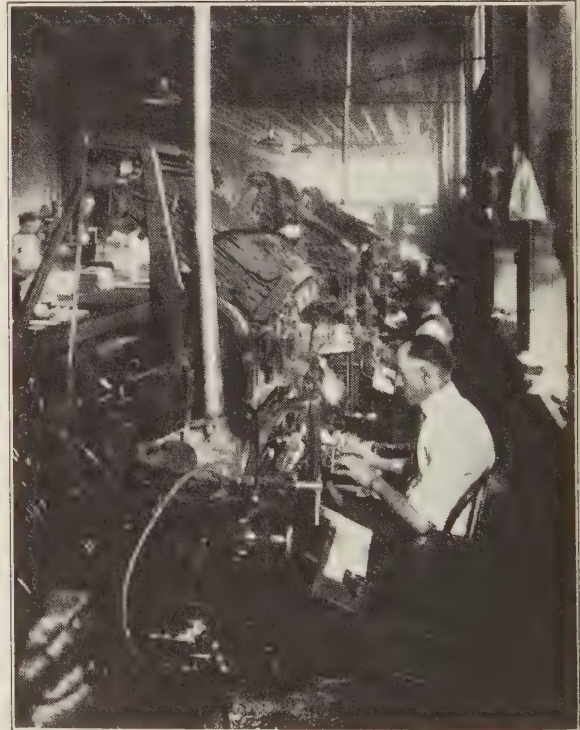
But it is certain that in the course of the class struggle, which at any time may become class war, our papers will again be suppressed—if the lackeys of the master class have the power to do so. In times of stress no opposition, no matter how small,

is tolerated by the master class. Everything except power stronger than their own is ruthlessly trampled down when their own power is menaced.

We should take advantage of this comparative lull in persecution to increase the power and influence of our press. Our only hope lies in increasing that power and influence to such an extent that when we are again attacked we can at least tear an enormous opening in the offensive of the attacking capitalist class, even though we may not be strong enough to save our press from annihilation.

If we have no press we will soon have no organization. Likewise, if we have no organization there will be nothing for the press to represent.

However, there is an extremely important matter which some well organized press must perform and which the I. W. W. papers can do better than can any other in America. That more important work is





# What Answer You?

*J. A. Van Dilman.*

*What mystery does lie behind  
The veil that shadows future years?  
What portent has this agony  
That bows our Race in bitter tears?*

*What is this kingdom prophets cry—  
(Of hideous prosperity;)  
That riding rough-shod rules the world;  
To curse unborn posterity?*

*What manner slaves have we become—  
Or spineless worms that humbly crawl;  
Beneath the stony stare of Greed  
Which giving naught; demands our all?*

*Down with this monarch arrogant—  
That dares to snatch from human kind;  
Sweet ripened fruits of honest toil—  
To cast it back a tasteless rind!*

*How long are we to suffer thus—  
Like oxen, plodding patiently  
Beneath a heavy galling yoke,  
And goads that prod incessantly?*

*When shall we cease our grovelling—  
Abased before mere human lust—  
Till welded "Thews of Industry"  
Sweep back the Monster—into dust?*

*Our lot is but the cravens due  
Who stupid mopes—and whines in vain;  
Or meekly prays that loyalty  
May 'tittle him to softer chains.*

*When shall we rise; who moil and toil  
Thruout the world—on every shore;  
To vanquish Greed—and banish it  
From hearts of Men—for evermore?*

publishing just such articles as Leland Olds is writing. But his work is too general to really reach the minds of the workers as yet. We must go into every factory, mine, mill, camp and counting room and show every worker just what each individual company is taking out of his labor.

We must show to each worker the stream of wealth he creates and its course into the vaults of the giant banks of the nation. Generalities will not do—we must be specific. We must show the banking connections of each firm and just what wealth that firm is forced to pay to the over lords for the sacred privilege of doing business.

The organization now has a few men who see what is needed in the line of publicity, but they have almost no facilities for doing it. We should have a hundred specialists and experts for each one who is now "trying to do it all." Not until we have them

can we say that we are really doing any effective publicity work.

It is true such things cost money. Also, when we go into the market to bid against the capitalists for labor power in the form of special ability we are handicapped. But it is either do it or have our press suffer from chronic starvation, which is more enervating to the members than would be sudden and violent suppression by the authorities.

The press and the organization are each vitally necessary to the other. We strengthen the organization when we build up the press. It is our chief point of contact with the unorganized whom we must reach to succeed in our revolutionary task of overthrowing capitalism. As we push the press among the unorganized, making it their spokesman, they will give power to the organization until it shall be invincible.





# Coal and the General Strike

By VERN SMITH



BRITISH industry is founded on coal. Even as late as 1875 half the coal in the world was produced in England and Scotland. When the machine age dawned over a muscle trained society, iron was needed in hitherto unheard of quantities. And as the machine age came first to England, the hunger for iron was first there. Iron ores are rather wide spread, and have been worked from very early times. But iron ore has to be smelted. As long as the feudal ages lasted charcoal smelting provided iron enough for the armor of the knights and the chains with which they bound their villains; more than which was scarcely needed. The requirements for charcoal did not interfere with the great forests that sheltered the king's deer.

But when the new machine textile industry began to covet iron, that meant the forests had to go, cut down to provide charcoal for iron smelting, and when the forests were gone, there came a crisis. The fate of English industry trembled in the balance, while newly rich capitalists and their scientific hirelings madly hunted for a substitute for charcoal.

They found it in coal, still called "pit coal" in England to distinguish it from charcoal. England had coal, and could make coke, and steel; the English coal mines though far from being the best in the world, were the first to be worked on a large scale.

We pass hurriedly over the superficial effects that the use of coal had on the industry of England; how it brought the smelters out of the shadow of the woods and clustered them around the big centers of transportation, and not too far from the mines, making a great shift in the population of the country, adding enormously to the slums already grown up in the textile manufacturing centers.

The change in the technique of industry made another change for the worse in the lives not only of those who labored at smelting but those who provided the fuel. Charcoal cutting and burning was a relatively healthy outdoor trade—now the charcoal burner was out of work, and hunting a job in the black, gas filled tunnels of the underground mines. In mining he competed with his wife and child, drawn into the industry—the child to act as a breaker boy, and the wife too often as mere draught stock, to pull the cars of coal along low passages where mules could not be used.

And as industry went on expanding, and the call for coal in the iron industry was continually added to by the demands for fuel for motive and other power, the numbers of miners grew

and grew, until at present nearly a million toil in many mines or "pits" scattered along the two main seams of British coal.

The coal of England lies principally in Southern Wales, where a body about twenty miles wide and fifty miles long, running from East to West, is the heaviest producer, and in a long disconnected body of coal that extends up along the western side of the island, and turns in a series of broken beds across Scotland from Ayr to the mouth of the Firth of Forth.

There is one large coal field on the Eastern Coast, in Durham and Northumberland. About half way between the two extremes of the North and South series of coal beds, lies the coal of Yorkshire, Derbyshire and Lancashire, with the great port of Liverpool in the eastern edge of the coal fields, and the important manufacturing cities of Leeds, Sheffield and Manchester in the very center of it.

The miners unions started rather late in the history of the British Labor Movement. As was to be expected, with a new industry, in which the working force was made up of men driven out of other industries, and in which women and children worked from the very first, it was hard to get unions started.

It was during the last half of the nineteenth century that the coal miner really began to organize on a large scale, and that the little local unions began to federate into larger unions.

In the beginning the Miners Federation was made up of many independent unions, and as these have gradually lost their power to the central body, they have also been decreased in number. When Beatrice and Sydney Webb wrote their "History of British Trade Unionism" in the last decade of last century, they recorded twenty-seven unions, constituent parts of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain. The latest figures I have (1924) show eighteen of these internal unions, some of which are called federations themselves. They seem to be really districts, with local autonomy in somewhat lesser degree than among the United Mine Workers of America. They do not any longer overlap each other, territorially. They do retain the old names, which, like "The National Union of Scottish Mine Workers," the "South Wales Miners Union," etc., bear witness to the disunion of the workers at one time.

At the present time the Miners Federation of Great Britain is not only the most militant of all the larger British unions, but is the most industrial in form. Unlike some of the other federations (for example the United Textile Fac-



tory Workers Association, which leaves all the power to make contracts, declare strikes, etc. with the local unions of which it is composed) the Miners' Federation of Great Britain resembles an industrial union in that it makes the agreements for the entire industry through its central headquarters, and does not strike by districts or by local unions. The British coal strikes are ordinarily general strikes of the whole industry. It is well realized by the workers in the British mines that their safety such as it is depends on this solidarity, and nothing like the district contract policy of the United Mine Workers of America, contracts overlapping in time, is tolerated among them.

With devilish cunning the employers have many times endeavored to split the solidarity of the coal miners of England by bringing about the district agreement, but the miners have indignantly resisted every time. They see through the trick. The last time is just now, when the employers, and the British government, are once more urging that the basic agreement for the minimum of wages and conditions and the maximum of hours be laid aside and lowered in certain districts where the production is not quite as heavy per man as in others.

The proposals made by the employers are in every case for a reduction of wages but the reduction proposed is uneven, running from a wage cut of two shillings ten pence (approximately 68c) per day in South Wales and Monmouth (the most important coal fields) to only one shilling per day wage cut in the central coal fields. It may be pointed out that the wage paid in South Wales was the largest wage of the larger districts and amounted to ten shillings nine pence per day (about \$2.58). It could hardly be called excessive.

The British miners are the most radical, the most clearly class conscious, the most militant section of the British heavy industry. All during this century they have set the pace and forced the issue. The miners were chiefly instrumental in organizing the Triple Alliance of 1915, when the mining, railroad and transport unions agreed to stand together and strike as one. The miners went on strike in 1921, when the bureaucrats of the railroad and transport unions broke up the Triple Alliance and smashed solidarity.

Once more, in the summer of 1925, it was the miners who prepared desperately to resist the open shop and low wages drive decreed by the organized British capitalist class. And this time they found loyal allies among the rank and file of the other great unions. An organized left wing movement forced the "leaders" of the other unions to grant emergency powers to the General Council of the Trades Union Congress, and

something even more efficient than the Triple Alliance was brought into being.

To understand the strategic position of the General Council, a brief survey of the British form of organization is required. British unions are coordinated, so far as they work together at all, through the Trades Union Congress, which meets every year, and is a very large body, with a broad representation. Not all unions send delegates, but most of the workers in England are represented, in one way or another, at the Trades Union Congress. Any union can send delegates, whether that union is dual to another, or not. Representation is based on numerical strength. The delegates represent the smaller divisions of the unions, also, and are a little more likely to reflect the spirit of the rank and file than is usual in such congresses among reformist unions.

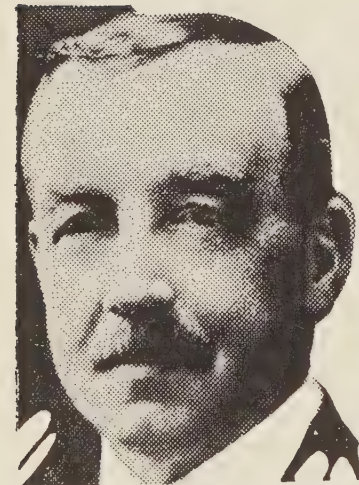
The Trades Union Congress elects a General Council, to hold office until the next Congress taking care to have on it representation of all the large federations. Since 1925, this General Council has had, by agreement among the unions whose representatives are on it, and with the sanction of the Trades Union Congress, the right to call general strikes in sympathy with the strikers of any unions. It is a real, "General Staff of the Unions." Its powers are ample; its weakness is in its personnel. The pie card artists with big reputations naturally get elected to the General Council, and since they have been a long time rising to that high position, they represent, for the most part, the feelings of the rank and file of years ago, and not the sentiment of the present day rank and file. This explains how they could do so cowardly and foolish a deed as to call off the General Strike of May, 1926, in defiance of the wishes of the workers themselves.

The non-miner workers knew very well just what a drive against the wages and conditions of the miners means. They are well aware of the threat to their own wages and conditions. They are ready to fight. When the government, representing the mine owners and all other capitalists, while pretending to represent the "public," granted the coal subsidy last summer, to pay the miners' wages while letting the coal owners make the wage cut on their books, everybody knew that this merely postponed the fight. When the subsidy expired, and the coal companies posted notices at the pit heads that the wage cut would go into effect on May 1, the reluctant "leaders" in the General Council were forced to take action. All the world knows what that action was, how under date of April 30 the General Council issued its famous "General Strike Order," that inasmuch as a lockout existed in the mining industry, all work should stop likewise in certain other industries, known as "the first line." The essential provisions are quoted from the General Strike Order, as follows: (Continued on Page 26)





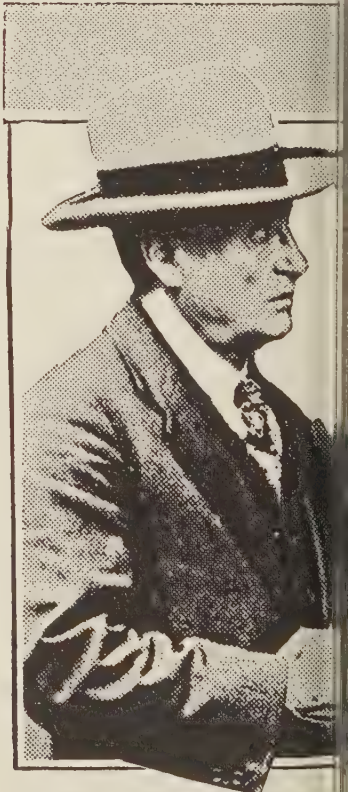
“The tragedy is the moral failure of these leaders. That they lacked foresight, that they had neither imagination nor nerves and wills of steel—that is pardonable. They were elected to run Unions and not make history. But the deep stain upon them is that in this struggle, which had evolved the passionate loyalty, the selfless idealism of the mass, they sullied its record and nullified its sacrifices by abandoning the miners to their fate.”



Leading rival factions in Britain's general strike. Upper portraits: Arthur Henderson and J. H. Thomas, conservatives. Lower portraits: Ernest Bevan and Albert E. Purcell, radicals.



When British



Ben Tillet, secretary of  
secretary of Miners' Feder





Voted to Strike.



k Workers and A. J. Cook,



Arrest of a striker; Britain's general strike.

"Only the close of this great chapter of working-class history was unworthy of the splendid record. Hitherto, when one talked of a General Strike, the doubt was always whether the mass would answer the call. It astonished the most hopeful. When the end came, there was no break in our ranks. No failure of zeal or steadiness forced surrender on the leaders. It seemed on that unlucky Wednesday incredible that they could have stopped this superb demonstration of solidarity and left the miners to fight alone."





## Coal and the General Strike



(Continued from page 23)

**"TRADES AND UNDERTAKINGS TO CEASE WORK.** Except as hereafter provided, the following trades and undertakings shall cease work as and when required by the general council:

"Transport, including all affiliated unions, connected with Transport, i.e., railways, sea transport, docks, wharves, harbors, canals, road transport, railway repair shops and contractors for railways, and all unions connected with the maintenance of, or equipment, manufacturing, repairs, and groundsmen employed in connection with air transport.

"Printing Trades, including the Press.

### Productive Industries

"(a) Iron and Steel.

"(b) Metal and Heavy Chemicals Group.—Including all metal workers and other workers who are engaged, or may be engaged, in installing alternative plant to take the place of coal.

"Building Trade.—All workers engaged on building, except such as are employed definitely on housing and hospital work, together with all workers engaged in the supply of equipment to the building industry, shall cease work.

"Electricity and Gas.—The general council recommend that the trade unions connected with the supply of electricity and gas shall cooperate with the object of ceasing to supply power. The council request that the executive of the trade unions concerned shall meet at once with a view to formulating common policy.

"Sanitary Services.—The general council direct that sanitary services be continued.

"Health and Food Services.—The general council recommend that there should be no interference in regard to these, and that the trade unions concerned should do everything in their power to provide food to the whole of the population.

"With regard to hospitals, clinics, convalescent homes, sanatoria, infant welfare centers, maternity homes, nursing homes, schools, the general council direct that affiliated unions take every opportunity to ensure that food, milk, medical and surgical supplies shall be efficiently provided."

It is not within the scope of this article to describe in detail the tremendous upheaval that resulted. Neither is it necessary, for in spite of every intention on the part of the British industrial magnates and the government to censor the news, and misrepresent the truth, the facts were so big and so essentially startling that they broke through all bounds, and are known in outline at least to everybody. The government's publicity service, centering around the "British Gazette," a scab paper, printed on one or two

sheets, and distributed free by the million copies, was hardly noticed. Its sole result was to pile up a loss of hundreds of thousands of pounds. The Daily Herald (Labor paper) was suppressed. The "British Worker" (an emergency sheet) published the facts and the foreign press got them by observation. The essential fact was that industry practically stopped, because those industries allowed by the strike order to go on functioning could not do so in the face of the transportation tie up. The government's scab organization, the "Order For The Movement of Supplies" was intended to keep transportation going, chiefly through volunteer truck driving. The cars and trucks blocked the streets and roads, and transportation stopped. A few trains were kept running by the strikers to carry food, and military engineers kept enough running to convey troops where they wished, but industry stopped. The government claimed that running the food train was a great victory against the strikers, and everybody in England laughed at it, for the food trains were, by the terms of the strike order, "white" (not struck). However, after a few days, the excesses of certain fascisti, and the continuous misrepresentation of the government, together with the threatening of the workers with armed force, caused the General Council to call out the "second line," including especially gas and electric light service, except for hospitals, and a curtailment of the food train service—the theory being to let the scabs work at that rather than something else.

All grants of money to the strikers from abroad were stopped by the government, and the General Council itself rejected any that might give the government grounds for accusing them of a revolutionary aim.

Then suddenly, on the ninth day of the strike, it was called off, by the General Council, at the height of its success, and only afterwards it was found out that negotiations had been going on secretly between Prime Minister Baldwin and the Council, through the intermediation of a slippery fellow known as Sir Herbert Samuel, who promised the council, unofficially, that if they would call off the strike, the prime minister would see that the miners did not suffer, and he might grant another subsidy while the industry was reorganized. As soon as the general strike was called off the government repudiated Samuel's bargain, Samuel himself declared that the labor leaders had misunderstood him, and that he promised only to try and get the government to give these terms suggested, and capitalism started in to take revenge by firing active union-

ists, re-hiring with loss of privileges, etc. For a short time it looked as though the strike was on again, but Thomas of the Railroad union signed what practically amounts to a yellow dog contract for his men, agreeing never to go on general strike again; other unions compromised with their employers—and the miners were left on strike alone.

The workers will have the last word to say. That they are disgusted and angry is putting it mildly. There is likely to be a rare house-cleaning during the year, while the conventions are held, and the next Trades Union Congress will probably be a wild one. Meanwhile the rank and file, though anxious enough to speak, are gagged. Their voices will be heard at the conventions and congresses. Just now we can only judge which way the wind blows, by the straws flung up by certain officials nearer to the men in spirit than those who betrayed them, and who have access to newspapers. W. N. Ewer, foreign editor of the London Daily Herald, through whom authentic stories of the strike were cabled to America all during the nine days, says:

"Thus the net result of incredibly bad generalship and naive diplomacy on one side and cynical unscrupulousness on the other has been to leave the coal war where it has been for many months and to cripple the possibility of a new rally to the support of the miners.

"A confidence trick of the crudest nature has turned a struggle which was on its way to a resounding victory into a disastrous defeat, compared to which the famous "Black Friday" is a joke.

"The only consolation is that the struggle has been a wonderful demonstration of solidarity, courage, and enthusiasm of the rank and file. Fundamentally, the strength of the British labor movement is greater than ever before.

"That in the moment of demonstration and realization of that strength this should be the outcome of the magnificent fight is one of the most tragic things in the whole history of the movement."

J. Ramsay MacDonald distinguished himself almost as much as the railroad workers' "leader" Thomas, for defeatism during the strike—indeed, the New York Times editorially praises MacDonald and points out that his recent speech against the strike places him "much nearer the British coal owners than it does to Karl Marx." And MacDonald is supposed to be the leader of the Independent Labor Party. But H. N. Brailsford, the editor of the "New Leader," official organ of MacDonald's following, states himself in this manner:

"Only the close of this great chapter of working-class history was unworthy of the splendid

record. Hitherto, when one talked of a General Strike, the doubt was always whether the mass would answer the call. It astonished the most hopeful. When the end came, there was no break in our ranks. No failure of zeal or steadiness forced surrender on the leaders. It seemed on that unlucky Wednesday (when the General Strike was called off.—Ed.) incredible that they could have stopped this superb demonstration of solidarity and left the miners to fight on alone. But so it was. The object of the Strike has not been won. The miners, fearless as ever, are still locked out of the mines. The notices, with their threats of starvation wages which moved even middle-class opinion to indignation, are still posted up against them. And for four days, from Wednesday to Saturday evening, each trade for itself, without the promised aid of the whole alliance, had to struggle against threats of lowered wages and victimization. The great host was suddenly deprived of its formation, and in every corner of the battlefield, regiments and companies were fighting unsupported against the counter-offensive of Capital."

And describing the negotiations with Samuel, he says:

"What was the mood of the Council during its talks with him on the Monday and Tuesday? I have heard several accounts. Mr. Pugh held that the Strike was then exerting its maximum effect: he wanted to end it before a breakaway was discernible and before disorder began. But there was fatigue and there was nervousness in the Council. Rumors talked of an intention to arrest its members, and perhaps to seize Trade Union funds. That may have been considered, but if so, Mr Baldwin vetoed it. There came occasionally bad news from a very few places—Bristol, Reading and Coventry—though everywhere else the enthusiasm, the steadiness and the good temper were amazing. But some members were impressed by these few unfavorable reports. What, if the Strike went on, would be the next step? To call out "the second line," which meant the Post Office workers and the gas and electricity services? From that prospect the Council recoiled. Mr. Thomas was uneasy under the accusation of "unconstitutional conduct;" he foresaw disorder and talked of the "streets running with blood"—though strikers and policemen in this incorrigible English Strike was playing cricket together. His one platform speech—if it was fairly reported—was that of a man who dreaded and in fact disapproved the strike, for which he had voted.

"Amid these painful discussions the Alliance broke up. The Council took its decision to end the Strike on this Tuesday night, and took it without informing the miners. But it did inform the Government, and when it again met

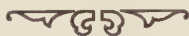


the miners on Wednesday morning, it was only to beg them to join in a surrender which, in fact, they had already made."

And then in damning conclusion:

"The tragedy is the moral failure of these leaders. That they lacked foresight, that they had neither imagination nor nerves and wills of steel—that is pardonable. They were elected to run Unions and not make history. But the deep stain upon them is that in this struggle, which had evoked the passionate loyalty, the selfless idealism of the mass, they sullied its record and nullified its sacrifices by abandoning the miners to their fate."

And all this time the miners strike, almost a million men, grim and determined. Back in 1921 when the Triple Alliance left them, with an absolutely empty treasury, they struck for thirteen weeks—thirteen weeks on strike relief averaging four dollars a man for all that time. Now, with millions of dollars collected for them in Europe, with every labor union in the world except those of the A. F. L. determined that no coal shall go to England to break their strike, they have been striking when this is written, for five weeks. They may go on for five months. Meanwhile things are sizzling all over the British labor union world, because they are left to strike alone. Something is going to happen.



## Applying Natural Law

By D. S. DIETZ

**Yes! Our peace and our contentments,  
While on rocks of truth must stand,  
Gain by wisely noting lessons  
In the fields that Nature planned.**

### PROCESSES, UPHEAVALS, SURVIVALS

Idleness is death, progress is Life. Powers of regimes are but temporary. Upheavals are manifestations of the law of survival.

The human race is not going to the dogs. Man, by his own blunders, his own pigheadedness, creates critical periods. Even so, he survives them somehow. But never did the beneficiaries of the plunder times receive any rewards from the processes of race survival.

In the light of Natural Law (even the little we profess to understand it) the financial oligarchy of the worldwide predicament do not understand. They are in the dark. Thus, it always was in and about the "feathered nests." Of course, swag-feathered, unduly feathered.

It is the hungry, the homeless, the propertyless, the mortgaged (those who paid the bill, at whose expense, etc.), through whom the law of survival acts. When our capitalists say: "We have survived. We shall continue to survive. . . ." we glance at the big trees of the forest and grinningly remark: "They survived . . . to topple." Young growths are not dependent upon the older growth.

### Group Victims

In human affairs no theory can survive whose organic principle, hence underlying thought and ideology, is based on pure selfishness. Or a group to enduringly prosper at the expense of its victimized groups. The three principal group victims are: the industrial workers, the working farmers,

the working bourgeoisie (mode of distribution). Bond holders, mortgage holders, coupon clippers, rent collectors and some others are parasites pure and simple—social pests. They trot with the oligarchy.

### What a Worker Is

According to the Marxian theory of value, any human being who works one hour, one day, one month, or more at useful employment is to that extent or length of time a worker. **Honest human conduct**, above criticism. The only human effort without belittling stigmas.

But under the present mode of production, working farmers and bourgeoisie naturally develop a dual mind. Capitalistic on the one side and worker on the other, they do not know, neither one does, which mind will dominate the being; therefore, not eligible to a working class revolutionary organization until such time as industrial conditions compel them to discover which is the real mind and act accordingly. That time is coming for great numbers of them.

### Darwin and Marx

In passing we further vouchsafe: The subjects, evolution, biology, environment, psychology, are some of the branches (as the tree has branches) of Darwinism. Darwin was a student of the great outdoors. He began a greater work than can be finished and understood in one generation, or in two, or three. Likewise, the same is true of Marx. Marxian theories will become understood sooner

because they apply more closely to everyday human necessities. And yes! In the final analysis the big outdoors is the great social textbook. What is scientific research in all its applications, but an effort towards the apex of simplicity—educational, mechanical, social?

### Two Economic Theories

The Law of Economic Determinism is a Nature process. Natural economics and bourgeois economics are as unrelated as truth and falsehood. In the animal kingdom, outside the human specie, all eat, all are sheltered. Atmosphere, sunshine, rainfall, are Nature forces contributing alike to every creature of all species. And so shall the land and all thereof reward every human being unselfishly.

### Nature Rights Denied Millions

Capitalism performed a mission. It was a stepping stone. All the great continents have been discovered and brought to a state of human exploitation. It taught all the workers how to "fit in." Taught organization! And now, at times, it refuses millions to fit in. Yes, with all its bigness it selfishly denies millions the right to food, clothing, shelter, homes. Ah! what is the reason?

The answer is simple. The modern student, scattered in and about industry, not in capitalist universities or parliaments, readily answers truly and thus: It has reached its limit. Cannot function further for the people—the races. Where these students are found is significant, also. There is growing to maturity among industrial workers a young actor who is destined to take the world stage. His name is Johnny Practicality.

### False Framework Upholstered

Within the next great step in human survival capitalism cannot perform. Literal continents are explored. Great abstract continents are now in order. The theory never did nor ever can apply to an abstract conception of human good. Race good. Hence, the necessity of ever preaching. Ever inventing philosophies peculiar to itself as upholstery for a dirty frame. Therefore dual and dishonest in its bigness. Organically false. Its principal base is materialistic, its principal aim pure selfishness. Its fallacy is in the latter principle. Natural law is inevitable, exacting, but never selfish as within the specie. Humanity is the specie, not capitalists.

### Capitalist Boomerang

At present the theory is being applied to other peoples exploitedly. Not continents, but peoples, thus hastening its own end. The effort becomes a boomerang to the theory and its beneficiaries. Note evidence piling up in world current events.

Another boomerang lies in the bourgeois conception of survival. It is really interpreting Dar-

win falsely. We see expressions of it in the capitalist press every day. Such words and phrases as "we," "us," "ours," "our government," "best people," "cultured classes," and slurring the other side of their conceived fence thus: "riffraff," "fringe of society," "tramps," "the disgruntled," "farmers better go and slop their hogs," etc. Capitalists think they are the specie and that to subject the balance of the human race to their will is "survival of the fittest." It takes capitalists to manifest bigotry. In Darwinism capitalism is a trifle. Trifling is right.

### The Natural Trend

Today's worldwide criticism of capitalism tends to an end. The discussion is natural; therefore, the end must be natural. Or, to put it in another way: an industrial peace is the goal of humanity. Only by such a peace can there be Industrial Freedom—Industrial Democracy. Let us try to visualize the objective aim. Herein we can merely touch the base, a conceived point to begin.

To clarify, it seems necessary to create a formula; perhaps faulty and crude technically, but necessary to keep the natural law idea clear. Also, we must now use the phrase: Natural Social Forces. For the study of revolutionary Industrial change, they are five, namely: (1) sunshine; (2) atmosphere; (3) rainfall; (4) land (all thereof); (5) labor power.

Anyone will readily see that those mentioned are five natural forces directly necessary to life on earth—human existence. These five are necessary to grow a single hill of potatoes. They are the forces directly responsible for all that man has created on earth. Any one of them lacking, all life ceases.

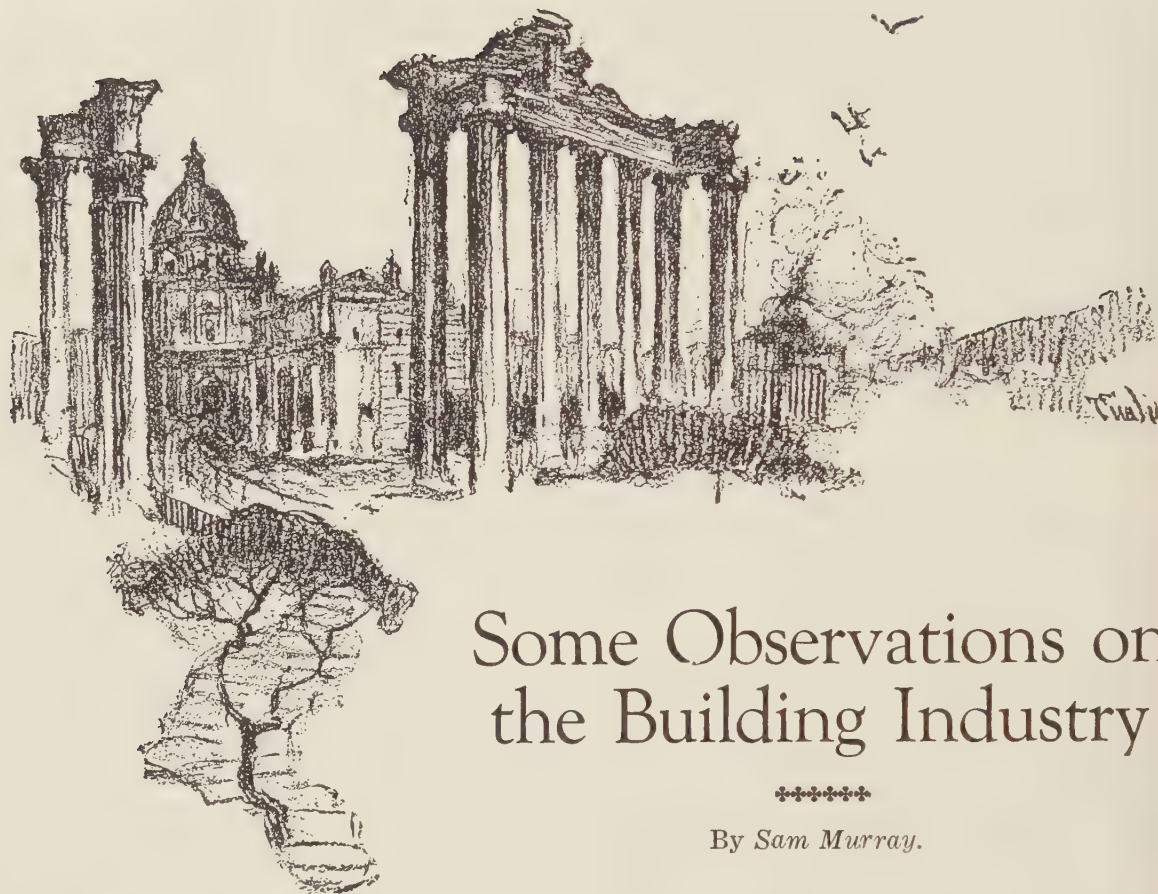
How insignificant man becomes in the light of natural forces! He is merely involved in the 5th element. And yet, and it is to laugh! the parasitic personnel of man presumes to control the 4th element and all thereof, through subjection of the 5th element. What bigotry and idiotic nerve!

Man, who is of the 5th force, through his activities in the 4th must conform to the spirit of the first three. They bespeak most plainly the theory of Industrial Communism. That theory is involved in Industrial Unionism; and, it is a natural theory.

Now back to the job: it is not so much a matter of "overthrow" as it is a matter of preparedness. Prepare for the topple; else politicians will rush in where industrial workers fear to tread. The industrially energetic fear nothing when properly organized. Self-organization is the real brand. All the laws of Nature are behind the working element of man when that element discovers what it wants. Evidently it has not paid the price sufficiently yet. It needs to suffer a little more. Sorry!

You cannot drain a swamp uphill. Capitalism is the lowest level in human intelligence.





## Some Observations on the Building Industry



By Sam Murray.

**A**RCHITECTURAL science and the skill of the building workers has played a most important part in the history of civilization. One of the lines of demarcation between it and the higher stages of barbarism is the birth of the art and science of building. Given a ruling class and the necessary concomitant—a priestly class—and the art of constructing magnificent dwellings and temples will follow as a natural consequence.

We do not know how old civilization\* is. It is considerably more ancient than any written history. For instance, we read in the Book of Genesis of a city named Ur; excavations have lately disclosed that six thousand years ago, at the time when the deity was supposed to have been busy creating the world and fashioning man out of the dust of the earth, Ur was a thriving city and masonry was uncovered showing

that building workers at that time possessed skill and technique equal to that of the present day. "Prehistoric" building workers have handed down to us history more ancient and in many ways more reliable than any recorded in books. What would we know today of the wonders of ancient Egypt, Peru or Mexico but for the structures that testify so credibly to the skill and industry of the workers who built them? Nor is it reasonable to believe that these wonders were wrought by chattel slaves, as it is unlikely that skill equal to that could be developed in this class of labor. It is a question how much credence can be placed in the traditions of freemasonry, but they testify that the eight-hour day was in vogue in the ancient order and that the members "Served their masters with freedom and zeal." The masons seem to have been the first free laborers or rather the first wage slaves. They also seem to have been the first to organize. The world "Lodge" so

\* The word is used here in the "Bourgeois" sense a society where one class is exploited by another.

commonly used does not mean in its literal sense a body of men organized together but a living or sleeping place. Ancient masons were migratory workers domiciled during the construction of a building in "Lodges" or camps, similar to the construction camps of today. They seem to have been well organized for benevolent purposes, if not for militant unionism. Their form was industrial; they entered apprentices doing the laboring work; and the work of casting the brazen pillars and holy vessels of the temples was performed by the most advanced masters of the art. All were masons or in the process of becoming such. However it could be said that they were as much a religious sect as a union or benevolent order. Thomas Paine attributes their origin to the priests of the sun. This to me is the most reasonable theory on account of the intimate connection between sun-worship, the study of astronomy and geometry (the bases of architectural knowledge) and the building of temples. They worshipped one god—"The Supreme Architect of the Universe who constructed the world on geometrical principles." The sun was the visible agent of the deity through which they made their offering and in whose presence they performed their rites. They considered the study of astronomy and geometry a religious duty and their calling as sacred. It is probable that the masons of the middle ages took advantage of their monopoly of the skill necessary to the construction of church edifices to retain their traditions and ancient religious rites in the face of Christian persecution. This, in my mind, is the only way that the hostility between the Roman Catholic Church and freemasonry can be explained. The coming of capitalism and the Protestant religion with the degeneration of the building art brought about the perversion of freemasonry into its present form.

However, I believe that with the data that has come down to us we are justified in stating that the masons were the first to organize and that before the coming of capitalism the building workers enjoyed the position of privileged workers in an honored calling. But capitalism, the great leveler,



changed all this. With the use of a variety of materials, the division of labor, and the help of craft union humbuggery the modern building worker has been so effectually divided that he has become a ridiculous caricature of the unity and brotherhood that characterized the ancient freemasons.

#### *The Modern Building Worker.*

In marked contrast to the condition of the building worker of ancient and medieval times, with his benevolent guild, was the building worker under capitalism before the advent of the modern labor movement. We learn that in the early history of this country building mechanics were required to work as many as fourteen hours a day for just enough compensation to enable them to survive. However, the building worker later played a most important part in the pioneer stage of modern unionism.

With the coming of capitalism and the division of labor in the factory the building industry became effected in like manner. The construction of a building became the work of several trades. In the same way the contracting became divided and a group of men of the same trade would be employed by a master mechanic. Thus we see the craft union appearing as the logical result of the condition of the industry. The calling of trade strikes and the signing of se-



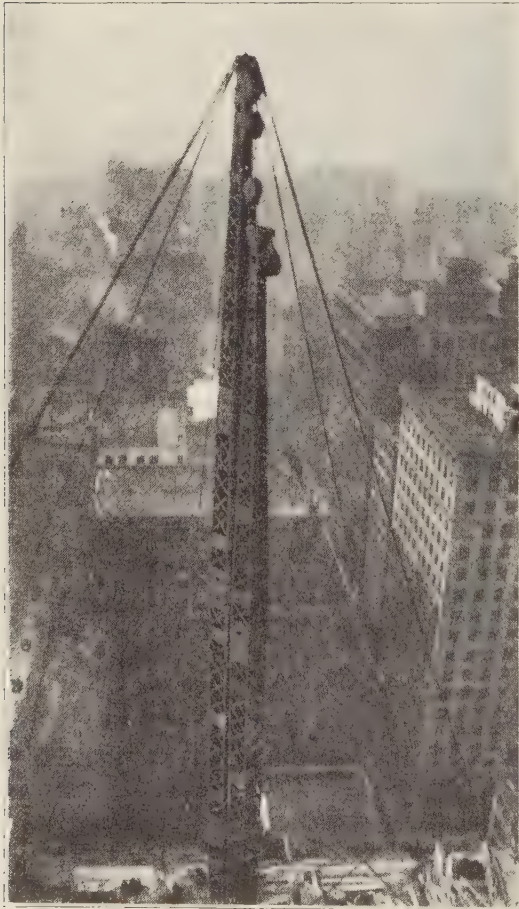
parate contracts followed as a natural consequence. Since each union performed an entirely different kind of work and for a separate boss, there was little excuse for cooperation, and as the lines of demarcation between the trades were clearly defined little chance for jurisdictional disputes. However, in time the question of hours, strike funds and the employment of common organizers gave rise to the inter-trade federation. Then with the onward march of machine production and the introduction of new materials and processes came the subdividing of the old crafts and the introduction of entirely new ones, and what is far worse in the eyes of the skilled mechanic, the simplification of the work, so that in many cases little or no skill was required for labor that formerly belonged to the trades. Then the large contractor who employed them all, or sublet to the master tradesmen, appeared, so that the inter-trade

federations found themselves in the midst of a mixed medley of trades and half trades, all enmeshed in a tangle of jurisdictional disputes in which it was impossible to define any distinct limits to the several vocations, so that the time arrived when 90 per cent of their time and energy was taken up in fighting one another and the other ten in a vain effort to secure better working conditions and force concessions from the boss.

Early in the game some began to look forward to the time when the workers would control the industries and operate them for the good of all through cooperative and democratic management. However, as capitalism was still in a crude state of development the agitation quite naturally took on a political form and often did more harm than good by diverting the energy of the worker from the union and filling his head with false hopes. Since industrialism is the determining factor in society and political institutions merely tools to be used by it, the natural inference is that unless the unions are strong and active, political action can be of absolutely no consequence to the workers.

In this country, particularly in the building industry, the advocacy of political action has had little effect on the minds of the workers and they have been more inclined to accept the theory that if they stuck to the union and secured the things that were immediately obtainable they would be better off in the long run. True, the idea of a society where the workers would control their jobs and share their joint product had always appealed to the workers. The trouble was that the advocates of these schemes were inclined to neglect the consideration of the problem that the worker was most interested in his job conditions and his next week's pay.

Another manifestation of the craft union era of labor was the development of the professional labor leader. He was often somewhat better than he is generally represented to be and more often considerably better than his stupid following, but just as a reed will bend in the face of the wind so will the official of a dense constituency yield to the influence of his en-



vironment. The building industry in the last thirty years has furnished a fertile field for this influence. The nature of the work often demands a constant shifting of jobs by the worker and as no practical method had been devised to apportion the work it was easy for a leader to surround himself with a group, and by gaining the favor of certain employers, monopolize the jobs. So besides the jurisdictional disputes and intertrade strife they had the internal dissension over employment which had a tendency to turn the union into a job hungry mob.

Under this system the leader who could gain the good will of the largest employers could secure the strongest following until it came to the point where the only purpose of membership in a craft union was preference in securing a job. The union man to retain that preference often had to outwork his fellows so that the union became the instrument of securing more work for the same money. Under this system building labor leaders developed an autocratic control that made it impossible for a worker to live without their favor. They not only held a tsar-like grip over the union members, but in some cases were even able to force the employers to share their profits with them in order to avoid labor troubles. In the April 1925 issue of the *Pioneer* in an article on P. H. MacCarthy of San Francisco entitled *The Passing of a Building Trades Boss*, and in the October 1925 issue in an article entitled *Industrial Unionism and the Building Trades*, the writer of these articles has pointed out instances to show how the labor bosses in the building industry, prior to the war, had bought and sold the workers like cattle and ruled them with an iron hand.

The ending of the war brought about a new era. The millionaire contractor, backed by the great financial interests, has rendered the craft union obsolete for any other form of action than that of securing jobs and insuring its members, and, as in some cases, running banks. In the San Francisco bay district there is at present a strike of carpenters on, with only one demand—that of preference for union men in the matter of employment under non-

union conditions prescribed by the building exchange. The character of this strike can be judged by the fact that a judge the other day, from the bench, endorsed the beating up of scabs and deliberately incited to lawless violence by advising the tarring and feathering of a watchman engaged in protecting non-union men. It is easy to understand this: The judge wants the jobs monopolized by the homeguards to insure his re-election. This in California where men were lately being given 14-year sentences for peaceably trying to organize industrial unions. The A. F. of L. is not a union it is a clique.

### *Industrial Unionism and the Building Industry.*

In the early part of this century active unionists, foreseeing the ultimate downfall of parliamentary action in the matter of bringing about the downfall of capitalism, and realizing the fallacy of the craft union policy of dividing the workers employed under the same boss into a variety of conflicting jurisdictions, conceived the idea of





organizing in such a way as to eliminate the objectionable features of craft unionism, and at the same time form the structure and develop the training necessary to enable the workers to take over the industries, and thus by practical methods realize the aims of the dreamers of the past without in any way interfering with the daily struggle for better conditions on the job. The organization of the Industrial Workers of the World, or I. W. W., followed.

In most industries the I. W. W. has thus far merely acted as an educational nucleus pointing out to the workers the futility of repeating past failures, and patiently waiting the time when the industry as a whole would be ready to accept the new form of unionism. However, the last twenty years have developed numerous situations which the craft unions were entirely unable to meet and the situation has been often taken in hand by a mere handful of the members of the I. W. W. with result that exceeded the most sanguine expectation of the participants, and that in the face of opposition that the craft unions were never called on to face.

Now, the I. W. W. has an organization of building workers: Building Construction Workers Industrial Union No. 330 is prepared to organize the building workers from the man who levels off the lot to the one who polishes the floors under the principle that an injury to one worker is an injury to all. This would do away with jurisdictional disputes and give the workers a power that would be irresistible. And as the I. W. W. follows the principle of legislation on the job by members employed there, it would do away with the labor boss and his job hungry following. Just as freemasonry succumbed to the rampant individualism and just as that individualism and mass unionism as well had to yield to the more practical and up-to-date federated crafts so have the crafts arrived at a stage where they are impotent for militant job action. The breakdown of their militant spirit and their tendency to evolve into lateral activities from job hunting to banking has left the workers with no protective organization in the face of the power of

post-war world capitalism. Under this condition any effort to engage in political action or any scheme to "bore within" or "amalgamate" the old unions is patently absurd. Efforts of this kind will generally be found to be nothing more than a sensational movement on the part of would-be labor leaders and notoriety seekers, and can in effect only serve the old gang with a new lease on life. If you want to warm a dead union back to life just set a bunch of revolutionists and patriots squabbling for control.

It may appear to some, on account of the lull in labor union activity the last few years, that labor organization is on the wane. Such a conclusion is illogical. Since the organization of the primitive building workers there has been one union following another and each performing its mission in conformity with the demands of the time and passing out when its work was done only to be followed by a union that had a mission of its own. Modern industrial development has laid the foundation for a worldwide and universal labor union compared to which the old unions are as a horse compared to an automobile. To doubt that we are now on the threshold of a newer and higher form of unionism is to ignore all the signs of the times.

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## Industrial Solidarity IS NOT SUPPRESSED

Several times in the past the representatives of big business have made trouble for this militant organ of Industrial Unionism. Once it was shut down, at the time of the big "Red Raids." During that period the workers missed their own newspaper, which had been giving them the news of Labor's struggles and aspirations. They failed to get it, and it was not their fault.

### IF YOU DON'T GET IT NOW IT IS YOUR OWN FAULT

We are publishing *Industrial Solidarity* once a week, at I. W. W. Headquarters, 3333 Belmont Ave., Chicago, Ill. Subscriptions are \$2 per year, or \$1 for six months. Single copies cost five cents; bundle orders cost three cents per copy.

# The Workers' International Educational Society

By JOSEPH WAGNER  
Secretary, W. I. E. S.

Members of the I. W. W. and readers of the Wobblly press are of late frequently meeting with the initials of the W. I. E. S. Naturally, many of them are wondering what kind of an organization the W. I. E. S. is, and not knowing they have to guess at it, and often meet a false opinion of it. It is therefore proper that a brief outline of the aims and purposes of the W. I. E. S. be given as well as explaining the necessities that called it into existence. In order to do so we will first quote the most important parts of its Constitution.

"This organization is formed to print, publish, sell, circulate, distribute books, pamphlets and literature of any and all kinds and description; to carry on educational work among the working class; to give lectures, courses of instructions; to hold meetings and to promote, inculcate and disseminate education and learning in all branches and on all subjects and to acquire, own and maintain such real estate and personal property as may be necessary and expedient to accomplish and effectuate the purpose for which this organization is formed.

"The management and control of the said corporation shall be vested in a board of five directors to be elected by the members, and who will hold office for the period of one year and until their successors are elected and qualified, such elections to be held annually at such time and place as the members, by a majority vote cast, may determine. The board of trustees shall select a President and a Secretary and Treasurer of the said corporation. The Treasurer of said corporation shall give bond in an amount to be determined by the said Board of Directors.

"Both individuals and organizations whose principles and doctrines are in harmony with the principles and doctrines of THE WORKERS' INTERNATIONAL EDUCATIONAL SOCIETY may become members of THE WORKERS' INTERNATIONAL EDUCATIONAL SOCIETY, but no person shall become a member of this company until the applications of such individual or organization has been approved by the Board of Directors. The Board of Directors has the power to refund any sum or sums paid by any individual or organization for a membership in this company, and cancel such membership or memberships.

"The membership shall be divided into ten thousand voting units. Any member may acquire, own and hold not to exceed ten voting units. Any labor organization or group of workers, or society may hold not to exceed five hundred voting units, provided the application of such individual or such labor organization or group of workers shall be approved by the Board of Directors. Every indi-

vidual or organization shall have the right to cast one vote for each voting unit held or possessed by such individual or labor organization.

"Such voting units shall be sold for the sum of \$5.00 each to any person, or organization, whose application is approved by the Board of Directors, and when such application is approved and the said voting unit is sold as aforesaid, the person or organization holding such voting unit shall then have the right to vote.

"The Board of Directors shall have the power at all times to purchase such real or personal property as may be necessary or expedient to effectuate and accomplish the purpose for which the company is incorporated and are hereby authorized to empower the President and Secretary, by resolution, to execute in the name of the company, contracts, deeds, mortgages, or any other documents, papers or obligations that may be necessary to carry on the business of the company.

"No member or holder of a membership certificate shall be entitled to vote or participate in any of the general or special meetings of the members unless such member's application for membership has been approved by the Board of Directors, and such member has been registered on the company's books as a member at least ten days prior to any general or special meeting of the members.

"Adopted at a general meeting of the company, this 14th day of February, A. D. 1926."

It will be noticed that in the Constitution of the W. I. E. S. there is no reference to the I. W. W. In fact the W. I. E. S. is a corporation "not for pecuniary profit," and has no legal connection with the I. W. W. But on the other hand of the approximately 800 shares sold, at least 750 are in the hands of active I. W. W. members, of I. U. branches and language groups. It has been endorsed by the last Convention of the Lumber Workers' Industrial Union No. 120, also by the Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union No. 110 Conference held at Alva, Oklahoma, pledging their hearty support to the W. I. E. S., and making the sale of shares of the W. I. E. S. part of their summer drive.

If it ever will be able to put any of the educational program in practice, it is obvious that the education it will put out will be in conformity with the I. W. W. program, not because of any laws, but because its membership being I. W. W., that membership would not countenance any other kind of educational program.

Probably some will think that since the acquiring of shares in the W. I. E. S. is not restricted solely to I. W. W. members in good standing, there is a danger that the control of this society might slip



away from the I. W. W. members, and its machinery and property be used for purposes contrary to the I. W. W. But even the possibility of that danger is averted by certain clauses of the Constitution. It is true that any worker **may** buy a share, or a voting unit (or even ten votes for that matter) but the Board of Directors is supposed to pass on the eligibility of every applicant, and he can become a member of this society only with the approval of the Board of Directors. More than that: the Board of Directors has the power to cancel the membership of any member and refund the money paid in by such member for his shares.

The policy of the W. I. E. S. is determined at its General Annual Meeting, where the Board of Directors is also elected. The membership being largely I. W. W. those General Annual Meetings will be held at the same time and in the same locality as the General Convention of the I. W. W. This is of course for the convenience of the membership of the W. I. E. S., for then all individual shareholders, all I. W. W. branches, and all I. U.'s holding shares, can send their proxies to their respective delegates to the I. W. W. convention, or to their G. E. B. member, or to some general official of the I. W. W. to represent them in the meeting. Thus although **legally** separate from the I. W. W., the same personell will determine the policy of the W. I. E. S. as that of the I. W. W. And the same element will elect the officials of the W. I. E. S. as elects the officials of the I. W. W. Therefore there is no more danger that some outsiders will gain control of the W. I. E. S. by holding a few shares, than of the same element gaining control in the I. W. W. by getting themselves I. W. W. membership cards.

But, what was the reason for organizing the W. I. E. S. if it is to do the same work that the I. W. W. was doing for the last twenty years?

The W. I. E. S. was organized as the result of the financial difficulties confronting the I. W. W. at the time of the last General Convention of the I. W. W. The delegates to that convention found that for years the revenue of the General Office of the I. W. W. was insufficient to allow it to do much constructive work. After the E. P. trouble, financial conditions got even worse. On top of that—whether wisely or not—in the midst of that critical financial situation, the general officials of that time went to work and fulfilled the wishes expressed by two general conventions of the I. W. W. to buy a building for the General Offices and for the I. U. Main Offices, and the Printing plant. The money, even for the first down payment on the building had to be borrowed, as well as the money to cover the expenses from the old place to the new. Two mortgages on the building were given for the rest.

The delegates to the convention, after mature consideration, thought that the best thing would be to sell the building to a holding company, that

should create a fund to meet the payments due on the building, and hold the building for the use of the organization. It is generally believed that it is not wise for a revolutionary organization, like the I. W. W., to own property, especially real estate, not because it would tend to make the organization more conservative, but because it is a direct invitation to be dragged into court, sued for libel or for picketing, or damages done by strikes, etc.

So on the suggestion of some Finnish fellow workers it was considered advisable to imitate the methods used in handling the Finnish I. W. W. daily "Industrialist," and the "Work People's College" of Duluth, Minnesota.

The application for incorporation of the W. I. E. S. was made by several delegates to the last General Convention of the I. W. W. with the approval of the other delegates. Since its organization in December, 1925, to the end of May, 1926, it received from sale of shares \$3,585.00, of which \$2,405.00 was paid on the building. At the beginning there were some heavy expenses incurred with the organization of the corporation, but since then the cost of handling the money does not exceed 10 percent.

Since it was organized it sent an organizer, jointly with the General Office of the I. W. W., to an extended tour in the East, and in March it sent the same organizer (John Kiviniemi) on an extended organization tour through the West and Northwest.

The immediate objective of the W. I. E. S. is to raise enough money through the sale of stock to be able to take over the financing of the headquarters building at 3333 Belmont Avenue, Chicago, thus to release the energies of the General Officials of the I. W. W. from real estate worries, and give them a chance to tend to the task of organizing a powerful union of the workers, the Industrial Workers of the World.

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## OBSERVATIONS OF COVAMI

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**New Jersey's Version:** "Suffer little children to come unto me and I will club the hell out of them."

\* \* \*

**The way of liberty** is hard to those, whose feet are used to beaten paths.

\* \* \*

**Freedom** will not die while Labor lives, and Labor is immortal.

\* \* \*

**Direct Action:** Controlling the product of toil, by Toil, for Toil.

\* \* \*

**All The World's** trouble is that Labor does not own labor.

# THE SLACKER



By HERBERT MINTER

When the Great War broke out I was working in Vancouver, B. C. in the Canadian Pacific Railway shops.

The call came for army volunteers. Many quit their jobs to enlist for service overseas but I had no such intention.

Recruiting posters were everywhere. Recruiting sergeants were at every busy corner trying to enlist men for France. I was stopped by them time and time again. But I always refused to join.

Two young soldiers one day spoke to me on the street and asked if I wouldn't sign to go to France. I replied "No, I haven't lost anything over there."

One of them retorted, "Neither have we."

"What are you going over for then?" I asked.

"Oh, just for fun," they answered.

I thought to myself "So, just for fun these lads are going over to kill Germans they have never seen."

I had been a sailor. I had worked with Germans and men of nearly all other nationalities. And I had found the German sailors about the same as those of any other nationality. Some of them were good; some of them were bad. I saw no reason for going over to fight them; yet as the days went on I found myself greatly troubled and wondering whether, after all, I was not mistaken.

I was pondering thus, on a stroll through Hastings Park, trying to fathom the reason or necessity for wholesale slaughter when my eyes happened to rest on a clergyman sitting on a park bench and reading a newspaper.

I sat beside him, then commented on the weather and he replied pleasantly.

Abruptly I asked whether he thought it would be right to join the army and kill my fellow man.

He replied emphatically, "It is the Lord's will. The Germans are agents of the devil. Every day I pray to God for victory for the allied troops."

"But," I said, "the Germans, and for that matter, all the nations in this war are praying for victory to the same God. Is not God a loving and Almighty God?"

"Yes," agreed the minister, "he is."

"Then," I demanded, "why doesn't he stop the war?"

"You have no right to question God's way of doing things," snapped the clergyman angrily. "You ought to join the army and fight for your country."

I too became angered and shot back at him,

"You, a minister of the gospel, tell me to kill. Doesn't the bible say 'Thou shalt not kill?' It looks to me like the devil's way of doing things, not God's."

"Young man," raged the minister, "You are a heretic. I won't speak another word to you."

And he went away leaving me to conclude that most people were accepting the war blindly, but that I would do my own thinking.

As the weeks rolled by I received letters from my people in England telling me my three brothers had joined the colors and had sailed for France. Certainly none could say our family had any taint of yellow and, from the way they wrote, I gathered that my parents expected me too, to be over there soon with the Canadian forces. My kin, the posters and the brass hands, all seemed to be saying "Join."

"Join up!"

But my conscience said, "No, don't, it's all wrong." And I obeyed my conscience.

Then one day the company I was working for laid off a hundred of us. The superintendent told us our king and country wanted us and the company did not.

Up to this time I knew nothing of the cause of the war. I had merely been filled with its ballyhoo. I tried to find out from people I thought ought to know. Some said it was for the defense of our country but I could not see that. Some said it was to protect Belgium and France. Yet I figured that in other wars England and France had been enemies.

I was told, too, that it was a war over colonies, a commercial war. It seemed to me that through the press, the posters and persuasive orators those in power could create hate for any nation. I was badly confused. Unemployed and perplexed I decided I would prefer starvation rather than enter on a war that seemed wrong to me.

At that time I was very fond of a pretty little blond girl named June. She worked in the Granville restaurant, a waitress. One evening a week it had been our custom to meet, usually taking in a movie show.

We were strolling toward the theatre one evening when she asked suddenly and in a queer tone, "Joe, why don't you join the army?"

I told her why, simply, truthfully. June was silent, but she gazed at me furiously. I felt that she believed my explanation was merely an alibi.

When we met again she said she would rather walk and talk than go to the movies. She said, "I would rather look at the soldiers in their fetching uniforms."



Most of the soldiers were in khaki but we met one in a blue uniform with gold braid across his tunic and a broad gold stripe down the outer side of each trouser leg.

"What a pretty uniform," exclaimed June.

Then in a cajoling tone, "Joe, you would look fine in that and I would be proud to walk with you."

"Not in that uniform or any other uniform," I replied.

"I suppose not," she said sarcastically. I was now quite certain she thought I was afraid to enlist. The remainder of the evening passed miserably. June didn't seem to notice me at all. I went home with her and kissed her goodnight but she did not return my kiss. I trudged home, despondent that she had misjudged me and that she could not realize that I was obeying my conscience and was not afraid.

Still confident, however, I went to the restaurant her next evening off. She came outside and told me that one of the girls was ill and she had taken her place for the night and that she could not go out with me until next week. It was the first evening we had missed.

I went to a poolhall to fill in the evening and met one of my old friends. He had been a shipmate in other days.

"The war is all wrong," he ventured when we approached the inevitable topic, "but the majority seem to think it is all right, so what's the use of worrying. Better do like the rest and join up."

"Nothing doing," I replied, "let's take in a show."

We went to a movie. The front rows were filled with soldiers. They sang "What's the use of worrying," "Pack up your troubles," and "Smile, smile, smile."

I thought, "Don't worry, just go across and kill and smile."

After the show I left my friend. On my way home I saw June across the street with a soldier. I gazed at her but she was so intensely interested in what the soldier was saying that she didn't see me. I was filled with anger and humiliation.

I made it my business to meet June the next evening and demanded an explanation.

"The soldier I was out with last night is not afraid to fight," she snapped, and added, "And that soldier is not a slacker."

I half shouted, "So that's the way you look at it. Your soldier hero probably joined up just because the mob was doing it, carried away by the war hysteria. He didn't stop to think. Perhaps some sweet young girl liked him better when he was in uniform. But you can't make me fight in a war I don't believe is right."

I said "Goodnight," then added "Goodby." I never saw June again.

Meanwhile all through the city men were being laid off. I looked for work but nobody wanted help. Sometimes they called me a slacker and told me to join the army, but I noticed those who

gave that advice did not join up themselves. There were days of hunger and, out of sheer desperation, I almost gave in.

Then came a letter from home. My youngest brother had been killed. I saw red. Everything left my mind but the idea of vengeance for his death. I wanted to kill every German that crossed my path.

Quickly I set out to enlist. Outside the first recruiting station I found hung a tremendous poster, "Death or Glory, Boys." Beside it was a sign that read "Join now and go overseas with the Blue Devils." Another poster read "Give the Germans Hell."

I signed. In a few weeks we were in France and it wasn't long before we were at the front.

No need of telling of the hurried training and the hardships of No Man's Land. But one incident will bear relating.

We were one night hardly a stone's throw from the German line. All through the night there had been something in the air that portended action.

An officer came along our line towards dawn and told us that the Germans had strung up two Canadian soldiers. In retaliation we were to take no prisoners. No quarter. No mercy. Kill! Kill! Kill!

And after that any German who carelessly showed the top of his head found that there were plenty of men on our side, including myself, ready to try to blow it off. I didn't miss very often. I was out for German blood.

In the afternoon we got word to be ready to go over the top.

When the signal came I was among the first over, raging like a wild animal.

A shell struck close by. Death all around. Eight of us were separated from the others. Lost, we finally found ourselves near a German dugout.



Those inside came out with hands held high in the air.

But we had received our orders and we obeyed them.

As we looked over the bodies I felt my rage cool swiftly. One of those we had killed was a mere lad, about the age of my own brother. It came to me that killing these Germans was not avenging the death of my brother. Something was wrong.

These Germans had been sent out to fight and kill just as we had been sent, without having had anything to say about it.

And I had volunteered to fight and kill for revenge which now failed to give me satisfaction.

My fight was not with these pawns in a game—a dreadful game called war. I found myself calling it murder.

We finally found our company. Both sides had suffered terrible losses. I was disgusted with it all. I felt that in joining the army I had been a slacker. But I was in the army and for months after I remained in No Man's Land. My war lust was gone. When I killed it was only to protect my own life. I was sickened by the inhuman deeds I saw committed on both sides by war-crazed men. But I was helpless to stop it.

At Vimy Ridge I was wounded in the leg and sent back of the lines. They patched me up and sent me to England on crutches.

A band met us at the pier and a crowd cheered us as valiant heroes.

But I knew that I was a slacker.

At home, too, my folks greeted me as a hero.

Both my brothers were wounded, one of them remained a wreck.

They say we won the war. Perhaps we did, but every nation was loser.

Perhaps some day humanity will make inhumanity impossible.

This can only be accomplished by the organized power of the working class.

## They Will Say

By CARL SANDBURG

Of my city the worst that men will  
ever say is this:

You took little children away from the  
sun and the dew,

And the glimmers that played in the  
grass under the great sky,

And the reckless rain; you put them  
between walls

To work, broken and smothered, for  
bread and wages,

To eat dust in their throats and die  
empty-hearted

For a little handful of pay on a few  
Saturday nights.

—From Chicago Poems.





# American History in an Economic Light

By JOHN I. TURNER

## A BRIEF SUMMARY OF THE STATUS OF THE WORKER IN COLONIAL TIMES AND DURING THE FIRST YEARS OF THE REPUBLIC

Voltaire said that his first steps toward acquiring knowledge was in unlearning what he had learned at school. The same thing is probably as true in many cases today as it was in the days of Voltaire. The general tendency in all schools, under the present system, is to teach the child false ideas that will create within his mind respect for the existing order of society. Especially do the ruling class desire to have the workers patriotic. Consequently the child is told many stories about the great and noble deeds of the fathers of his country. This is more true of America than of any other country. Here the school boy is made to believe that the most of the early settlers of the colonists were as spotless as saints. Patrick Henry, Captain John Smith, George Washington and many others are characters that stand out as examples of everything good in men. To him the American revolution was a fight for freedom and the constitution of the United States was framed to protect civil liberties. And such are the common opinions today. But a little research into the economic history of America will enable us to see our forefathers and the institutions they created in a different light.

The idea that America in the early days was a land of equal opportunities to all is erroneous. The colonial lands were grabbed by members of the aristocracy of England and other countries. These grabs were commonly executed through land grants made by foreign sovereigns. European kings and queens found that granting large tracts of American lands was an inexpensive way of rewarding their favorites. In other words, a landed aristocracy was transplanted from Europe to the Colonies.

From the beginning they enacted laws to protect themselves in their holdings and to enable them to grab more and perpetuate a system of exploitation and domination that their ownership of the means of life made possible.

As manufacturing developed the landed aristocrats became manufacturers and commercial traders. They had to have workers to exploit. In addition to the black chattel slaves, who were introduced into Virginia early in the seventeenth century, white slaves in ship loads were imported from England. They were known as bonded and indentured servants.

The conditions of the workers of England were bad. Many, hoping for relief from oppression, sought a way to America. Lacking the means of transportation they would agree to a term of servitude here in payment of their passage. The ship

owners that plied this trade would sell them to the plantation owners for from five to seven years, according to the terms of indenture. After serving the required time they were to be freed.

Thousands of felons were released from prisons to be brought over to long terms of servitude. Usually they had been convicted of debt or other trivial offenses for which the English laws provided severe punishment. Also, thousands of women and children of the poorer classes were kidnapped and shipped to America by unscrupulous traders.

Colonial laws were drastic in regard to these servants. In some colonies a servant would have five days added to his or her term of servitude for each day's absence from work without the master's consent. Sometimes a few days' absence would give the master authority to double the time of the indenture. Violations of other petty laws gave grounds for further lengthening of the term of slavery. Whipping as a punishment for servants was meted out by the courts. The "courts" were always masters and land owners. In the cases of black slaves the Virginia laws provided for dismembering, such as the plucking out of an eye or the removal of a hand.

After his release from indenture a servant was faced with a serious situation. His most vigorous days had been spent in the services of his master. The only land available was far out among the Indian settlements. To take land under such circumstances was to an individual practically out of the question. He could only offer his services as a wage worker and compete with the chattel slaves and bonded and indentured servants who constituted more than half of the workers of America. His lot was by no means a happy one.

Under colonial laws many workers were imprisoned for debt. Long sentences were handed out for the most trivial offenses. The prisons were filthy and vermin-infested. Often they were underground and dark and damp. The ventilation was poor and the food horrible.

The Revolutionary war was a fight between the English and American manufacturers. The manufacturing classes of this country demanded the right to manufacture whatever they desired to and the right to sell their wares created through the exploitation of American workers.

The intelligent workers of the States were not enthusiastic about going to war. They knew that it was not a war to free them. In spite of much

(Continued on Page 47)

# A Letter to Jesus

By COVINGTON AMI

Jesus Christ,  
Paradise Avenue,  
New Jerusalem, Universe.

Dear Fellow Worker:

I just now picked up the Universalist Leader, which is published in Boston, Mass., which is an ancient city located in the northeastern corner of the United States, which is another Holy Empire that has come into existence since the first one crucified you. I tell you all this because I thought you might not know anything about the new geography of Earth, said geography having been carved up considerable since you left here injuncting the Christians to always live together, regardless of race, nationality or previous condition of servitude, in one great Brotherhood. Incidentally, in carving up the map of the earth, said Christians—leastways that's what they call themselves—I ain't saying nothing against you, you understand—have carved up each other and whole hosts of innocent bystanders something shameful, and are still at it.

But I digress. As I was saying, I just read in the Universalist Leader, page 24, May 24, 1924, a heluva statement made in a resolution adopted by a conference of the Universalist Church—it's one of your churches, they claim, and not one of the worst either—sitting in Birmingham, England—which is a city on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean across the way from Boston, Mass.—and this is what they said:

"Recognizing that, as the State is ordained by God, Christians ought loyally to accept its obligations and duties of citizenship. The authority of the State ought only to be challenged in the name of God."

Is that true? I don't believe God guilty of doing any such thing. But I am not a Christian any more than you were, so am not an expert in the ways of God. Anyway, it don't seem reasonable to me that God would go to work and create about 1,750,000,000 human beings and then ordain the State and turn it loose to commit wholesale murder on them by styling said wholesale murder "glorious war." Neither does it seem reasonable to me that he who "gave the earth to Adam and his children forever" would come along centuries later and ordain the State—I hunch **you** know something about what the State is from your own experiences with the Holy Roman Empire, on which all our modern States are patterned—to steal it from them and hand it over to the same sort of gang as you scourged out of the temple, moneychangers and the like. It ain't true, is it? I don't believe it of God. Do you? I **know** God didn't ordain the State to let the Bosses (who

own the Politicians who are the State) fill their sweatshops, cotton, woolen and silk mills and canning factories full of millions of helpless little children and exploit them to death. At least I know **your** God didn't do that, because you loved little children so. But then, as I said, you were not a Christian and, maybe, therefore, you didn't know what a real, honest-to-god God was.

You will also note that after libeling God by holding him and not the Plutocrats and Politicians responsible for the ordaining of the State, the resolution coolly goes on to affirm that, "The authority of the State ought only to be challenged in the name of God." Well, why don't God challenge it? If anybody libeled even me that way I'd sure challenge him, them or it, all right. And that isn't the worst of it. This here State in which I am living doesn't recognize any such thing in its Constitution. It says it is ordained by "Us, The People." That's a lie, too—'cause the American Empire was ordained just like the Roman Empire and every other State the poor old earth has so far bled under—by guns and swords and cannon and gallows and jails, by the plunderers, of the plunderers, and for the plunderers . . . . But, as I was saying, that ain't the worst of it, 'cause if this here State ain't ordained by God how in the name of God am I or any other of its citizens going to challenge its authority "in the name of God"? It can't be did, leastways not here in the U. S. A. But why "only in the name of God?" That's what I want to know. I don't believe it. I don't believe God, leastways your God, ever ordained any such crooked business. I don't believe God is at all responsible, and I don't believe it because it seems unreasonable to me that an honest God would ever have created a Politician or a merciful One a Plutocrat, especially the bunch that's at present running this Holy Protestant Roman Ku Klux 100 per cent American Empire.

You won't believe it, because you weren't a Christian, but the jails of this Christian country are full of men whose only crime was and is that they wanted the Earth God Almighty said He gave to them forever. You may not be able to understand how good Christians could make the All-Father out a "liar and the father of liars," but, then, Christians have reformed a lot since you saved them by getting yourself lynched. You bet they have! They now do unto other workmen just exactly what was done unto you and your fellow workers two thousand years ago, and they do it to the tune of "Onward Christian soldiers" too. I ain't lying. It's the truth I'm telling you. They, the Christians, have just ended a world war in which more than twenty million (20,000,000)—do you get that?—



boys and young men were slaughtered and maimed on the battlefields alone, and they did, to hear them tell it, "all for Jesus and Democracy"—that is, all except the German Kaiser's boobs, who said they done it "for God and Culture."

Now, I ask you, after all this, don't you think the Universalists have some gall to come here saying that God ordained the State? I don't believe it. Do you? I know you don't, even though the Universalists who hold that no soul will ever be lost but that all will be saved, which is some better than lots of others who come teaching in your name, mind you, that about ninety-nine per cent of the human race, especially the working class part of it, is headed straight for hell in spite of your teachings to the contrary. If I got up here and said that none of our rich men could get into heaven, like you did, without first selling all they had and dividing it up with the poor, I'd be on my way to Fort Leavenworth before I knew where I was at. You may not believe this, either, but Pilate had nothing on our judges, even though he too believed the State was God, Private Property the Holy Ghost, the Plutes their elect, and the Politicians their Priesthood. It's hell, I tell you, and the State is it—I don't care what the Priests, Preachers and Rabbis say. I can't help it. You know how it is, you who were, not only a heretic, but a "Blasphemer," an "enemy of Caesar," that is to say, of the State, and, worse still, "a friend of publicans and sinners," that is to say, of "damn radicals" and workingmen and women. You even had the nerve to defend prostitutes against respectability, and you did even worse


—in an Empire where millions of men were out of work you were so unpatriotic as to incite them to criminal syndicalism by treasonably declaring that "the birds of the air have their nests and the beasts of the field their holes, but the son of man has not where to lay his head." Your "intent" to overthrow the government, to bring law and order into disrepute and contempt, and to blaspheme your "God, your Country and your Flag" could not have been made clearer had you tried. Worse still, you said: "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's," when you well knew that if only those things were rendered unto Caesar that were lawfully and rightfully his, he would have to go to work for a living, and that is something no Politician and Plutocrat can contemplate without wanting to crucify somebody. You know how it is. So do we Wobblies.

Well, I've talked longer than I started out to, but even at that I've told you hardly anything at all about what's going on down here in Christian Civilization. Even the Heathens are rebelling against it. The Russians and Chinese are simply raising hell, but "we freeborn Americans mean to save the world for Christianity and Democracy if we have to kill every goddam rebel on Earth to do it." This may comfort you a little, for we are a great people (we say so ourselves), even if our plan does shoot your idea of the "Brotherhood of Man" all to pieces. That's all. Only, if God did ordain the State, what did he have against humanity?

Good luck and love from

VOC, the Barbarian.

## Working Too Hard

FTER glancing at the title of this little narrative, the busy reader will be inclined to say, "Yes, that's what we are doing all the time, and getting very little for it! Give us something new, we are tired of that subject!" True enough, dear reader, I agree with you; but this is not written with the intention of elaborating on the dignity and beauty of manly toil, or honest labor; nor is it a homily, affirming or confirming that man must "eat by the sweat of his brow," far far, from it, friend!

The writer in sweet anticipation of a new and a more just economic system, dares to look into the future, and foretaste some of the quaint situations, which are bound to arise, out of a slave class set free from wage slavery and living in a society the direct antithesis of the one we have at present! In the economic system of today our masters never complain of our having "worked too hard!"

They would indeed tell us that such a thing were impossible.

Our master's belief is speed, celerity, alacrity, and still more of it; that is of course apart from their own mental and physical activities; the realm in

which **they** are "fast" is a different one, of which any reader of the daily press is no doubt well acquainted!

In this forestalling of the coming era, in which everyone will be put to useful and productive labor, and where all shall share proportionally in the produce thereof, it does not need any great flight of the imagination to realize that the worker will have the time and opportunity for the leisurely pursuit of learning, sport, and amusement. In fact, the cultivation of such will most likely be insisted upon, by those whom we elect to our central councils, or industrial union councils, just as today children are

forced to go to school for their own good; and it is not difficult to predict that good, honest fellow-worker, "The Gyppo," is likely to fall foul of the new laws relating to that much-abused term "Work!"

If the reader is still with me, has had, as it were, the fortitude to follow this discourse thus far, I would beg him to exercise his patience still further, and take comfort in the thought that surely the writer has already done his worst, and the writer solemnly agrees to keep a firm hold on the lines and curb his fertile imagination as much as possible, from soaring into the unknown and unfathomed realm of utopia!

The story opens as a car drives up to the door of one of the national sanitariums, which are provided in lieu of prisons for the treatment of workers who are suffering from perverse habits or criminal instincts!

In these places those who are abnormal in any way are treated by doctors specially trained in psychology; the idea being that anyone who breaks the laws of the community must necessarily be sick! There must be something radically wrong with a man who would steal, when food, clothing and shelter and the comforts and necessities of life are the common birthright of all, or who would commit crimes of violence when all incentive has been taken away, and all are friends working in harmony together!

The sanitariums at this time, owing to the reduction of crime, are mostly used for the correction of those who have committed minor infractions of the new laws now in force!

As the car stops at the door of the sanitarium, two men alight and walking briskly up to the door, ring the bell; both are stalwart citizens, one a genial Irishman with merry, twinkling eyes, the other with exceptionally broad, stooping shoulders, dark saturnine complexion, and small, beady eyes, glancing around suspiciously, as though he does not like the looks of the place. The door is opened and they are admitted by an orderly into the consulting room where they are greeted by the doctor, a shrewd-looking, slim-built man of middle age.

The Irishman, taking a packet of papers from his pocket, hands them to the doctor, saying, "A new patient for you, Dr. Newman! A friend of mine, take good care of him!"

"I'll do that alright!" says the doctor, smilingly, as he opens the papers and commences reading as follows:

"From: Sec. Lumber Workers' District Council: The patient, Fellow Worker John Block, has become a nuisance to the community here owing to a propensity for working too hard. He has neglected all studies and seems determined to remain in an ignorant and uncultivated state all his life. It is true that he has only a meager intelligence, but even this he has refrained from exercising; his last escapade consisted in sneaking off into the local forest re-

serve at times when he should have been studying, exercising or amusing himself; and when discovered by the forest ranger, he was hard at work, 'sweating like a bull,' using a one-man saw, which has been forbidden, as a wicked waste of human energy. The ranger on investigating found that he had cut down and bucked nearly two hundred trees which had been marked for preservation.

"This is only one of his many outbreaks into what might be termed veritable orgies of physical labor. I hope you will be able to cure him of this obnoxious habit and send him back to the community normal. Yours truly, Sec. L. W. D. C."

The doctor then reads the patient's medical history sheet, which gives the following information:

"John Block, son of A. Block, who was perfectly normal, but whose father, John Block, was a "Gyppo" worker in the woods under the old capitalist system. The patient seems to be a throw-back and early in life at the age of fourteen became strange and moody, refusing to play with other boys, and developed an intense love for work, necessary or unnecessary. After undergoing a course of treatment at one of the eastern sanitariums the malady left him."

The doctor glances through the report of the eastern sanitarium and then goes into the next room to call his father, Professor Newman. The professor, an old, white-haired gentleman comes into the room and his son hands him the papers, saying: "A peculiar case, Professor! I would like to hear your opinion about it!"

The old gentleman puts on his glasses and, on reading the reports, walks over to Mr. Block and begins a minute examination of his head, in the same way as one would examine a statue, a picture, or some other "work of art." He scrutinizes it from all directions, at all angles, even going the length of feeling with his fingers among the thick shock of hair, to the intense disgust and annoyance of Mr. Block, who evidently does not like the proceedings in the least.

The professor seemingly at last satisfied with the result of his examination turns to the doctor and says, "This is indeed a strange case in these days; the patient is the victim of the law of heredity. A clear case of reverting to type; a mental throw-back, and a striking example of the 'Genus Scissorbill.' A product of the old capitalist system."

"What is a Scissorbill?" exclaims his son, who had never heard the term before; being one of the new school.

The professor smiles as he clears his throat in preparation to give answer; for it is not often that the aged get the chance to instruct, and he thought to take advantage of the opportunity. "It is a long story," he said, "but to be as brief as possible, the 'Scissorbill' was a class of worker under the old capitalist system, who gave a greater return to the masters for the amount of remuneration received, than the other workers. At that time in the history



of the world, the worker toiled for wages, which represented in money form, the amount of food, clothing and shelter, that it was necessary for laborers to have in order that they might be able to continue to produce surplus value for their master.

"The worker got the value of the first two hours of the working day, and the next six to eight hours that he worked were then surplus value for his employer.

"In order to incite the workers to greater efforts while on the job, different schemes were tried, among them being the contract or 'Gyppo system,' under this scheme the worker sub-contracted from the boss and worked 'by the piece,' 'by the mile' or 'by the bushel,' according to the class of work to be done.

"Very few workers fell for this system, for it meant more intensified labor, longer hours, worse conditions on the job, and a contract that couldn't be broken at a minute's notice, without severe financial loss.

"This was only another form of wage slavery, dignified by the mistaken notion that the worker was his own boss.

"This system was a paying one for the employers, who encouraged it in every way. They didn't require foremen to superintend, because the workers drove themselves mercilessly. The slaves who toiled under the contract system were called 'Gyppos' by the other workers because they were unfair to them or gypped them, as they termed it, doing more work for less pay. To be a good 'Gyppo' the requirements were 'a strong back, and a weak head,' and the stronger the back, and the weaker the mental processes, the better the 'Gyppo.'

"The workers at about this time started to organize into Industrial Unions to combat the capitalist class, and one of the greatest evils they had to fight against was this 'Gyppo system,' or piece-work system.

"The workers flocked into their 'industrial unions' in large numbers and after several fiercely fought battles, on the industrial field, they were at last successful, and overthrew the master class, and put them to work in the industries.

"The patient is one of those unfortunate workers, who have inherited some of the evil characteristics, which were the direct outcome of that iniquitous system," said the professor in finishing, as he glanced at "Mr. Block," who shuffled uneasily on his feet, the very embodiment of mental distress.

The doctor, who had been studying the patient, throughout this examination, turned to the professor and said, "I begin to understand the case better now, Professor, after what you have told me, but what do you think would be the best treatment to use?"

The professor smiled reassuringly to "Mr. Block" as he made answer. "The case is an unusual one, and requires unusual treatment, but nothing that should alarm the poor unfortunate. I would advise a light diet, but with liberal quantities of fish of

any variety for brain nourishment. I would also prescribe liberal doses of that old classical composition, 'The Right to Be Lazy,' by Paul La Fargue.

"The patient must be made to read it aloud, and encouraged to study it day and night; certain of the more vigorous, soul-searching passages he should be taught to memorize, until the truth seeps through to his unconscious mind, or inner intelligence. If this should prove to be unsuccessful, reduce the diet, until it has the desired effect."

The doctor nodded gravely, as he said: "I will follow your advice, Professor! I am sure it could not be improved upon; and I thank you, on behalf of the patient, for the consideration you have given his case!"

What sounds almost like a groan, escapes from the lips of Mr. Block as he hears sentence passed, and he winces perceptibly at the mention of the reduction of diet. The doctor rings a bell for the orderly and, on his entering the room, gives him instructions to show the patient to his quarters, and see that he is made comfortable for the night. As Mr. Block is escorted away by the orderly, the doctor turns to the Irishman, who has been a quiet, though interested spectator of the whole proceedings, and says: "I am afraid you have brought us a very peculiar case, Fellow Worker, and one that won't readily succumb to any treatment; but we will do our best to send him back to the community perfectly cured."

The doctor signs some papers and hands them to the Irishman, who leaves the sanitarium and drives away. The next morning, the orderly rushes into the consulting room, in an excited state, and speaking to the doctor says: "The patient ran amuck early this morning! On going to his room, I found he had escaped, and in searching the grounds for him, discovered that he had been to the stable, where he had cleaned and harnessed four horses, cut and split nearly half a cord of wood, and when I found him in the garden, he was digging a hole, and was almost out of sight; when I pulled him out he was sweating profusely and almost exhausted. I asked him what he was digging for, and he said he was looking for the bottom!"

The doctor smiles sadly and shakes his head. "What an anachronism," he says, "in the old days the Long Bell or Baron Weyerhauser would have had thousands like him, but now all his kind have died. Now he's lonely and nervous—perhaps after all we'd better put him in a cage in the Museum of Natural History."

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Men generally regard that to be their country's good which is correspondent with their own connection.—**Oliver Goldsmith.**

Let not your terrors rise to fever heat,  
Our age is lenient with those who cheat.

—**Balzac.**

## Editorials

**SACCO AND VANZETTI.**—The cases of Sacco and Vanzetti are being discussed wherever working men and women are organized in all parts of the world. And rightly so. The persecution of one member of the working class on account of his activities in the cause of labor or because he has defended some other persecuted worker should rally to his defense every other organized worker no matter what organization he happens to be a part of. The motto of our organization, "An Injury to One is an Injury to All," will be applied by all members of the I. W. W. to this case. Read the article on Sacco and Vanzetti in this issue of the Pioneer, and do all you can to give them the help they need.

**OTHER PRISONERS.**—While the case of Sacco and Vanzetti has again been brought into the foreground and we must aid in every possible way the effort to save them from the electric chair, it is well to bear in mind that the victims of the Centralia conspiracy and the C. S. law are still behind the walls of the Walla Walla penitentiary with no immediate prospect of freedom; that scores of our fellow workers are still doing time in the hell holes of San Quentin and Folsom and a few in the penitentiaries of South Dakota, Kansas, Missouri and Maine; that Tom Mooney and Warren Billings, railroaded on perjured testimony ten years ago, and Herman Suhr, similarly framed in 1914 following the strike on Durst Bros.' ranch, are doing life because of their labor activities; that Rangel and Cline and others are still incarcerated in Texas.

The efforts now being made in behalf of all these victims of the class war should have the support of every member of the working class. Every time the employers succeed in lynching, executing or imprisoning a worker who has opposed their program, they are emboldened by that success

and are ready to go to further extremes when another worker is marked as victim. They have shown their power in the Ludlow and Everett massacres and on many other occasions. They are showing their power today in the cases of Sacco and Vanzetti and the continued persecution of many of our fellow workers. Tomorrow and as long as the capitalist system exists the masters will again and again make savage attacks upon those of the workers who dare to oppose their plans. Sacco and Vanzetti today—perhaps you yourself or your best friend tomorrow. We cannot afford to assume an attitude of indifference. For our own sakes we must strive our utmost to wrest these victims from the clutches of the monster and, this accomplished, hold ourselves ever in readiness to resist further attacks.

Defense is both important and necessary and must be given every possible support. But with the work of defense must go the work of organization. Organized, the workers have power and as organization grows among the workers increased power is imparted to the defense. Your dollar for the defense is not enough. It is necessary for you also to do your part in building up the organization, adding the power of others to your own power and thereby weakening the power of the enemy. Every organized worker can and should do his part in both lines of endeavor; when he does there will be fewer working class victims and the workers, organized, will be ready for the final struggle.

**ORGANIZATION IS POWER.**—The captains of industry have power over the mass of the people and the governments that represent the people because they are organized for production. The overlords in the financial world have power over the lives of the people of other countries as well as those of their own country because they



have gained control of the world's finances through organization.

You must have a tooth pulled? The dentist tells you his price and you find it high. But a trip to the other agony offices convinces you that the dentists have agreed to charge a uniform price. Sure, they are organized.

The doctor may cancel your bill or take any part of it that you can pay, but he will tell you that he must charge the full fee as he is a member of the medical association.

Lawyers are organized and are not allowed to charge below the fee stipulated by their association.

To the extent that they are organized all of them exercise Power.

There are about thirty million wage workers in this country; less than one-sixth of them are in labor unions. Many of those who are organized are in unions that lack real power on account of their form of organization.

Capital organized and powerful; labor eighty per cent unorganized and correspondingly weak. Is labor's situation hopeless? By no means hopeless! The I. W. W. offers a plan of organization through which the workers can gain the power they now lack.

Read the preamble of the I. W. W. on the cover page of this issue. If you cannot get in touch with an organizer or delegate write to the Pioneer for information.

**HAND IN HAND.**—Organization and education go hand in hand. When working among the unorganized it is necessary to show the workers the quality of the organization we wish them to join. That in itself is part of the general scheme of education. When the particular worker is convinced that the I. W. W. offers him a plan of organization that will enable him, together with his co-workers, to better conditions on the job and increase his wages, he has at least started on his own education. But giving him a copy of the constitution and by-laws and expecting that to be sufficient to keep him in line as a class-conscious member of the organization, is a shortsighted policy.

What the new member needs is encouragement to continue his education along the

lines of the class struggle. It is often impossible for the organizer or delegate who makes out the card to do more than hand out a few papers or leaflets and it is often the case that months pass before this recruit sees another copy of an I. W. W. paper. True, he is given the address of the main office of his industrial union and that of the general office, but 95% of the new members do not, for various reasons, write in to these offices to ask for papers or information.

The work of education should not stop when the worker becomes a member of the organization. If he will not take the first step the organization should. The names and addresses of new members should be listed at both the main office of the industrial union and at the general office of the I. W. W. at least once a month, and as soon as possible after he has joined, a communication should be sent to the new member encouraging him to take an interest in the periodicals and literature of the I. W. W. and outlining for him a course of reading that will go far to give him the education on economics that every worker should have.

Education and organization go hand in hand. Education through the holding of meetings and the distribution of literature is often followed by successful organization; but education should not stop there.

**THE COAL STRIKE.**—The English coal miners are still on strike. In fact, the strike is just now in its preliminary stages, as is indicated by the statements being put out by the strikers, the owners of the coal mines and the British government. No attempt is being to work the mines as the solidarity of the striking miners is absolute. The effort to starve them into submission will fail.

Was the general strike a failure? To the extent that the strikers permitted spineless, fearful, yellow leaders to represent them and gave them power to call the strike on or off, it was a failure. But the solidarity shown by the rank and file of the British workers who took part in the general strike, has proven to the world that these same workers can be depended upon not only

to carry through a general strike, but also to display the same solidarity when they are called upon to take over the industries for the real producers.

**PASSAIC.**—"Something New in strikes" was the characterization of the Passaic strike by one of its organizers in her speech at a meeting recently held in Chicago.

The strike is the old story of workers driven to desperation by the greed of employers. Unorganized, working long hours, driven to ever greater efforts in their daily grind, subjected to one cut after the other in their already miserably inadequate pay, to strike was their only chance for relief.

But the unconquerable spirit these child, women and men strikers have shown is something new and inspiring in the labor movement. Their courage and determination have made useless the fierce attacks upon them by police and company thugs; not only made these brutalities useless, but turned them to the advantage of the strikers themselves until now they have the hearty support of all other union men and women throughout the country.

That a decisive victory may be theirs is the wish of all workers who are true to their class.

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## American History in an Economic Light

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(Continued from Page 40)

coercion and intimidation to enforce support of the revolution the promoters of it had to hire thousands of European mercenaries to make up a sufficient army to carry the war to a successful conclusion.

George Washington, who owned slaves both black and white, was an aristocrat by birth and looked with contempt upon the poorly-clad and uncouth soldiers of the Continental army when he reviewed them: Patrick Henry, who said "Give me liberty or give me death," owned chattel slaves and wanted the liberty to trade and grow wealthier by exploiting his slaves.

The constitutional convention was a conspiracy of the land-owning and manufacturing classes to organize a government that would enable them to develop and perpetuate their system of exploitation. The workers were not represented. All of the delegates were of the propertied class or were their representatives. They sat behind locked doors and none were allowed to take notes of the proceedings without special permission from that body. All through the convention the question of how to prevent the workers from having any influence in government kept coming up. They could not afford to endanger their power.

That the constitution met with the approval of the propertied classes might well be illustrated by General Henry Knox from New York in a letter to his friend, Livingstone: "The commercial part of the state, to which are added the men of considerable property, the clergy, the lawyers, including all of the officers of the late army, and also the neighborhood of the great towns" were pleased with it.

The establishing of the Supreme Court was one of the well thought-out plans of the aristocracy to keep themselves and their heirs in power. The court may declare laws null and void or interpret them to please the class that appoints them to their lifetime job. A reading of Gustavus Meyers' "History of the Supreme Court" will give one an interesting insight to the workings of an institution that has well served the purpose for which it was created.

The late Teapot Dome exposure has revealed a little of the official crookedness that has been going on in this country from the inception of this glorious system of government. The game is not new. Alexander Hamilton, an influential delegate to the constitutional convention, like many others of the fathers of "our" country would probably be a fit companion for Harry M. Daugherty, were he alive today.

When the workers of America learn what kind of a game has been played against them, and of how they have been deceived by a dynasty of wealth-grabbing crooks, what will they do? Let us hope that they will organize to separate the robbers from their spoils.

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### NO CHANCE

Brother: "Run upstairs and get my watch."

Madge: "Oh, wait awhile and it'll run down."

Brother: "No, it won't. Ours is a winding staircase."



# WOBALES



Mrs. G. VanBlodiwad, young matron of America's blue-blooded circle, registers pained nausea at mention of the Passaic strike. "Indeed, my dear, those horrid bolsheviks caused all the trouble. The workers were quite happy and contented. Why, I am told some of them even have curtains to their windows."

The invasion of foreign armies you can always resist; the invasion of new ideas—never.—**Victor Hugo.**

## SO DO WE

The lecturer on health had finished his discourse and invited his audience to ask any questions they chose concerning points that might seem to need clearing up, when a tired looking man inquired anxiously: "Professor, what do you do when you can't sleep at night?"

"I usually stay awake, although, of course, everybody should feel at liberty to do otherwise. Are there any other questions?"

## WORMY BUSINESS

"She answered the ad of an American 'obesity specialist' who averred that a capsule a day keeps the fat away. She sent ten dollars for which she received a box of twenty-one capsules, one capsule to be swallowed before each meal. After she had taken half a dozen of them she happened to leave one of the capsules on the table, and an hour or so later she noticed it still there, but this time the rays from the mid-afternoon sun shone upon it. She looked at the capsule idly, and looking, she imagined she saw it move. She rubbed her eyes and looked again. It DID move. She opened the capsule and found, in the middle of a powdered compound, a very active little worm. Then, she went after the other capsules and found a worm in each of them, all in different stages of growth. Investigation by an expert proved that each of these worms was a young intestinal parasite."

Well, business is business, even if it is a bit wormy. If the lady does not like that cure for obesity, she can try some other cure. Every child knows this is the most glorious country in the world.

## AWAITING ORDERS

The stationmaster on the East Indian Railway had been given strict orders not to do anything out of the ordinary without authority from the superintendent. This accounts for his sending the following telegram:

"Superintendent's Office, Calcutta: Tiger on platform eating conductor. Please wire instructions."  
—**Jewelers' Circular.**

## THERE ARE LOTS OF JOHNS

"John," asked the teacher, "what is a synonym?"

"A synonym," replied John, "is the word you use when you can't spell the other one."—**Harper's Magazine.**



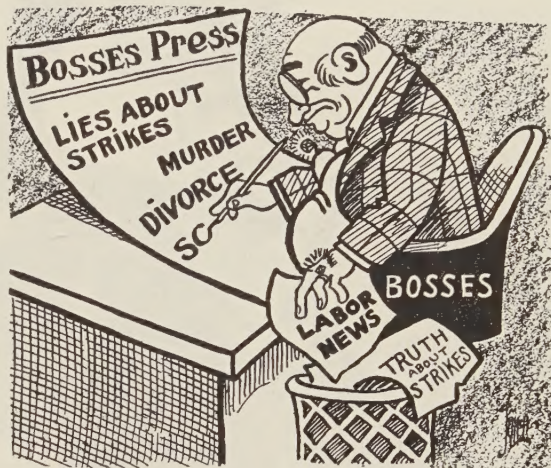
# Get the Truth about Labor in the Industrial Pioneer

In Montana eight daily papers are owned or controlled by the Anaconda Copper Mining Co.

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In all other states the vast majority of all publications are owned by the big industrial and financial groups of capitalists.

These papers serve the interests of their owners by keeping up a continuous propaganda of lies against all organized workers.



To get the truth in labor news you must take the labor papers.

The latest events in the world of labor in addition to articles on the activities of the I. W. W. are covered each month by writers who contribute to

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Last year we did well, but this year we want at least

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**FRANK THORPE**  
Secretary-Treasurer, A. W. I. U. No. 110